The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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CHEEK.

When Mr. Lloyd George waded across the river at Criccieth the other day, with Mr. Masterman after him, I trust—nay, I feel sure—that, on emerging, the Chancellor showed his friend a clean pair of heels.

* * *

The latest style of wrestling: Scratch-as-Gotch-can.

* * *

The "Evening Times" announces a competition "to decide who are the best players in the London area." Which one? The cook and the bobby on the beat often have some good sport in mine.

* * *

In an article on "Some Points of Interest," the same paper appropriately enough includes the "'Spurs."

* * *

Sporting Note: The result of the St. Anne's Selling Steeplechase at Blackpool shows that there is nothing wrong with the State of Denmark.

* * *

It would be interesting to know whether the various Carmelite "That Fly" papers will suggest that we should "Kill at it with a sweet-pea-shooter.

* * *

Those street "sportsmen" who, according to Our Dumb Friends' League, use cats tied up in paper as footballs, are eminently well qualified to understand the scientific phrase about the mew-sic of the "spheres."

* * *

A weekly paper prints an article about "A Word for the Barmaid." A very ordinary one is "Bitter," and if you are polite you can follow it up with another word—"please."

* * *

That paragraph in a contemporary "Wild Animals on the Stage" alludes, I presume, to the betrayed husbands in problem plays when they come across the fiddy lover.

* * *

The "Badminton Magazine" is nothing if not patriotic. The current number contains an article on "Boxing," by Count Vivien Hollender, and another on "The Lowly Position of English Athletics," by Mr. Adolphe Abrahams. Look out for the "Badminton's" forthcoming startlers: "Cricket," by Signor Ludovico Sacramento Gracia di Spaghetti, and "Why the Minton is Bad," by Duncan MacShylock!

* * *

"No, Cuthbert, the Sunday paper paragraph, "Sketches in the Halls," did *not* refer to the appearance of the elderly serio-comics you mention.

* * *

Says Vida Goldstein: "A woman who has no interest outside her home is a deadly, dull person to live with." Naturally, a person with a name like Goldstein would look for "interest" in everything.

J. S. Cox.

DROP-KICKING.

This is a department of football which, for some unaccountable reason, has been considerably neglected by the modern school of players. It is, of course, chiefly used in Rugby, because it involves picking up the ball; but it is a distinct asset, too, to an Association goalkeeper who is hard pressed and wants to get in a good long kick.

Roughly, it is performed thus: Holding the ball in both hands, you drop it and swing your kicking foot in such a way that that foot touches the ball with full force at the precise moment of the bounce. It must not be a fraction of a second early or late, so the stroke needs much practice; but, once mastered, it will add fifty per cent. to the length of your kick.

IN A THUNDERSTORM.

If caught in a thunderstorm while out in the country, it is far safer to stay in the open-air than to run for the shelter of a tree or a barn. In some strange way the lightning flash seems to make for such points as tree tops, which, perhaps, act as attractive channels for the electricity from cloud to earth.

It may be unpleasant to get soaked, but it is worse to be burned, blinded, or even killed by a flash of lightning.

If you have an umbrella, do not put it up. The metal ferrule is also a favourite glancing point for the lightning.

If cycling, dismount, leave your bicycle in shelter if possible, and quickly get away from it into open ground.

Seek the lowest ground. A hollow in a hill is as safe a place as any, and a deep ditch which is not overhung by trees is safer than the high road.

FATIGUE IN SPORT.

The difference between the forms of fatigue resulting from the various sports is a very noticeable one. And it is an interesting question as to which is the most fatiguing form of athletic exercise.

Most men's thoughts will, probably, rush at once to football, especially the Rugby game, but it hardly seems as though that were really the most tiring sport. True, you feel pretty "done up" when you trot off the field after a hard game, but when you have a hot bath and then a cold plunge or shower, you feel as lively as a kitten again. Football just brings a temporary tiredness of limb, and especially of wind.

The rider, on the other hand, feels his fatigue chiefly in the legs. Indeed, if he has not ridden for some time, the thighs will pain him very badly for days after his first return to the saddle.

The most tiring sport, however, without doubt, is boxing, where not only a man's limbs and wind are exhausted, but which sometimes involves injury to internal organs, the kidneys and so on, which are more or less seriously felt in later life.

JACK JOHNSON'S FADS.

Like most of his race when they have risen quickly from absolute insignificance to a commanding position in the public limelight, Jack Johnson is one of the faddiest of mortals.

The writer was present not long ago at a gathering of newspaper men and others who had come to see the world's heavy-weight champion drink a cup of tea. And, sure enough, this simple function was invested with much ceremony.

"Jack" would not drink out of any but a white cup (with no ornamentation whatever), and scornfully refused several cups before at last selecting one.

Then he caused a further flutter of interest by informing the company that he never took milk, but liked a slice of lemon in his tea, "to keep my fat down," he explained, showing the famous gold teeth.

Another thing Jack Johnson is very faddy about is boots. He specially delights in patent leathers with black doeskin uppers and shining buttons that look very much like jet. He will be found wearing a pair like this almost every day.

Few people, by the way, know how well Johnson can make a speech. Speaking clearly and slowly, and with quite a good modulation of tone, this big black boxer compares favourably with many a well-known M.P.

THE PLAINT OF A CIGARETTE SMOKER.

By A. O. PURNELL.

It seems pitiable—this wrangling over trifles—whilst real work lies to our legislators' hands. What, after all, *is* the House of Lords when compared with the New Tyranny? Of what real importance is an Insurance Bill if, as seems likely, the male adult population are to be worried into their graves before they are "in benefit"?

You know what the New Tyranny is, don't you? It comes, like wisdom, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, and consists in the wearying and unceasing inquiry, in many voices and throughout the live-long day: "Got a cig'rette photo, please?"

It is a wonder that cigarette manufacturers have not "tumbled" ere now, and discontinued their liberality in the matter of pictures, for the consumption of cigarettes must assuredly be declining. Soon the man who dares to walk abroad smoking a cigarette will deserve honour of his country.

What many doctors have tried for years to persuade men to do for health's sake, they are now forced to do—for the same reason as Eugene Aram read his book in the golden eventide—for the peace of their souls. And at whose behest? At that, so please you, of the veriest street urchin.

The only person who can smoke in peace out of doors nowadays must be stone deaf and totally blind; and blind men, as I understand, seldom smoke.

THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

True, there are pipes and there are cigars to fall back upon. But we don't all like pipes, and we can't all afford cigars. Even if we do, and even if we can, there is the feeling that it is hardly worth while to start, since the makers will probably soon be giving pictures away with them, so that we shall have to drop them again.

The first exponent of the New Tyranny with whom I came in contact was the boy next door. Of course, I didn't understand it at the time, and when he addressed the now familiar question to me I looked pityingly at him and patted him on the head, and murmured, "Poor boy!" and felt sorry for his parents.

I know the school attendance officer for my district, and when I next saw him I told him that the boy next door was mentally afflicted, and that he ought to be put in one of the special classes which I understood were now provided for such cases.

MATERNAL INDIGNATION.

He asked me on what ground I based my opinion, and I told him how the boy had questioned me in a manner that I was sure would never occur to a sane youngster. The school attendance officer, too, was evidently unacquainted with the New Tyranny then, because he promised to make inquiries.

I did not tell my wife of the incident at the time, because she has a fixed idea that all ailments of childhood, mental or physical, are catching, and she would never have known a day's peace until our youngest had left school.

The officer made his inquiries, but did not exercise that discretion which we have a right to expect from public officials in such matters (otherwise, why pay rates?) because next day the mother of the boy next door addressed my wife over the garden wall with a series of mysterious observations to the effect that "if some b'ys wasn't in their right senses, thank God they 'ad time to get into 'em, which was more 'n yo' could say of old fogies what never had any right senses to be out of and was too old now for to expect any"; and that "if it come to special clarsses she knowed places where there was plenty of them for people what was in their second childhood and not fit to be at large."

CONSULTATION.

I did not enlighten my wife as to the cause of those remarks at the time, so for weeks after she referred to our neighbour as "that poor demented creature next door," and took her haughty and contemptuous bearing as an evidence of lunacy.

As time went on, the inquiry which had given me the false impression about the boy next door became quite familiar to me. All my acquaintances who smoked cigarettes suffered in the same way, and we used to consult as to the best means of checking the nuisance.

Tomkins said that he found it a very effective plan to ignore the request altogether. All I can say is that, if that were true, the tyrants must always have worked single-handed in his case, whereas in mine they generally worked in pairs.

At any rate, they did on the first occasion that I tried his plan, because I distinctly heard the following commentary upon my silence from the young man who aided and abetted the inquirer: "No good tryin' 'im, Bill; it's 'arf a crown to speak to 'im. Didn't yer know?" I could not shake off the impression that this remark was really intended for *my* ears.

Finding this method ineffective, I decided to adopt the principle of replying to the now familiar question with an altogether irrelevant remark, which by its very inapplicability should nonplus the inquirer. I thought of several, and finally made a choice.

I had discontinued smoking cigarettes in the street during the last few days; I could not stand the strain. Now, fortified by faith in my new system, I boldly lit a cigarette and eagerly waited the first comer.

STREET REPARTEE.

He seemed to spring up from the ground, at the very place where I had thrown my spent match. "Have you got a cigarette photo, please?" he asked.

"No, my boy," I answered; "I don't drink."

He looked me full in the face, moved off a few paces, and then observed: "What do you call it, then? Indigestion?" and so made off at top speed.

After this I decided to try kindness. On the next occasion of the exercise of the New Tyranny I stopped in my walk, placed my hand upon the inquirer's shoulder, and looked down at him benevolently. "What do you want one for, my little man?" I asked.

"We stick 'em in an awlbum, sir," he replied.

"Well," I continued, "I have one. But you know it's very annoying for gentlemen to be stopped and pestered in the street for cigarette photos, although, of course, I know you little boys don't really mean to be a nuisance. Now, if I give you this one, will you promise never to ask anybody else in the street?"

CRITICISM.

"Oh, yes, sir," came the response; too ready, I thought, to be regarded by him as a serious undertaking. I produced my cigarette packet and gave him the picture with a patronising smile. He snatched it from me and scampered off laughing, leaving me feeling, somehow, rather red.

"Why, Bill," I heard him say to his companion, "this is out of a tuppenny packet." Then, loudly came the cry down the street: "Calls hisself a gentleman, he does, and smokes fags of ten for tuppence. I should shay sho!"

After that I gave up any attempt to smoke cigarettes out of doors. As my work is largely out of doors, and as I positively cannot smoke a pipe, it was a real hardship, but it was the lesser of two evils.

Recently, however, I went for my holiday to the sea. I experimented, and found to my disgust that the New Tyranny was by no means a local movement, and I groaned in spirit. But a holiday without the pleasure of an occasional smoke was not to be borne.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I decided to outwit the tyrant; to bathe from a quiet part of the beach; to light a cigarette on undressing, and to lie on the sands in my bathing suit and smoke it.

It was altogether vain. Hope springs eternal in the tyrant's breast, and he is not to be daunted by the mere absence of pockets on the part of his victim. I had got half-way through my first cigarette when he sauntered up. "Got a cig'rette photo, please?" he inquired.

"No, I haven't," I replied. "Do I look as if I had now?"

He surveyed me leisurely, and replied as he moved off: "No, o' course not; not in them trousis."

So he left me, to look for a more likely victim.

This, then, is the New Tyranny. It is exasperating, it is nerve-racking, it is provocative of profanity in the last degree.

TRADE UNIONISM PLAYED OUT

WHY WORKING MEN ARE LOSING INTEREST IN THE MOVEMENT.

The passion and ill-feeling connected with the recent strikes have now subsided. The official spokesmen of the trade unions are congratulating themselves upon having scored a famous victory. They point to the enforced surrender of the employers as a triumph for trade unionism, but they do not divulge to the public what is a fact—namely, that since the settlement of these strikes many of the men are dropping out of their unions altogether.

These are the more thoughtful of the workmen. The step has been taken with deliberation, and that it is a reasonable one I shall endeavour to show.

It is necessary to consider the origin and purpose of trade unions. They were founded because industrial development required them.

POWER OF COMBINATION

The working man lived by selling his labour. It was the only thing he had to sell, and he was wholly dependent upon it. Unlike other people who have things to sell, however, he was obliged to take what price he could get for it; being wholly dependent upon the money he received for his labour, he could not afford to stick out for a better price than that which might be offered to him.

Therefore, working men banded themselves together into trade unions, and they thus made it necessary for their employers to deal not with individuals who were more or less helpless, but with the necessary factor of labour as a whole.

Workmen might be groaning under sweating wages and tyrannous hours, but if they protested individually the employer's reply would be dismissal. When, however, they could protest in a body, the employer was obliged to concede their demands, because, though he could do without one individual employee, he could not conduct his business without the assistance of labour, and that assistance was naturally denied to him when his men went on strike.

THE PURPOSE FULFILLED.

Thus gradually the trade unions secured for the workmen equitable wages and reasonable hours and conditions of service, and to that extent the trade union movement has been highly beneficial to the country as a whole, and has, indeed, been concomitant with national industrial progress.

But the utility of trade unionism has now passed so far as most trades are concerned. The workers have obtained as high wages as the businesses concerned are capable of producing, and the thoughtful men amongst them know this. To demand more, either in increase of wages or in reduction of hours, would only make the further conduct of the business impossible, and would drive trade abroad.

These men, reasoning the matter out quietly, have come to the conclusion that the utility of their trade union has passed. It has served its purpose, and there is nothing more for it to do. Why, therefore, should they continue to contribute to its funds?

It is not every working man, however, who is thoughtful. The majority of them, unfortunately, are ready to have their thinking done for them by any loud-voiced official who may have been appointed by their trade union for that purpose.

KEEPING AN ARTIFICIAL INTEREST ALIVE.

Obviously it is in the interests of these officials to maintain the men's enthusiasm for their trade union, for, if the trade union disappeared, so would the bread-and-butter of its officials.

To keep the workmen's interest alive, a political element, entirely foreign to the original purpose of trade unions, has been introduced, and the men's love of excitement is pandered to by the periodical organisation of strikes.

"I have," says the workman, when a strike is proposed to him, "paid into my union for years and years and have got nothing out of it. Why should I not draw a few weeks' strike pay? It will give me a holiday and a change."

And so he takes his entertainment, but he takes it at the expense of the public, for an extensive strike injures the prosperity of the whole country.

Thoughtful working men realise this. They want to see their country in the forefront of prosperity, and that can be accomplished only by successful and uninterrupted trade. They know that if the national trade is injured the business which supplies them with their livelihood will also be injured, and that eventually they will feel the pinch themselves, for, though trade unions may fix a minimum wage, they cannot force a bankrupt concern to give employment.

Moreover, the recent strikes have thrown the weight of public opinion entirely against trade unions. These disputes have shown that the officials of the trade unions have no respect whatsoever for the awards of arbitrators, although they have agreed to abide by these awards. As soon as they think it advisable to keep the men interested in their union by organising a strike they do so, and throw their former promises to the winds.

CRUMBLING.

The British working man, finding himself in new circumstances, and carried away by the sophistry of the agitators, permits himself a licence in regard to the intimidation of non-strikers that deprives him of all public sympathy.

Had it not been that the recent strikes subsided so quickly, the nation would have had a better taste of the quality of trade union officialdom, and legislation would have been forthcoming to curb its power.

As it is, however, the British working man is, on the whole, a sensible person, although he may be carried away by excitement at times, and he is accomplishing the collapse of trade unions just as effectively as if they had been prohibited by law.

In America, Associations of Free Labourers, as they are called, or societies of non-union men, have been established to protect non-strikers from the tyranny of the trade unions, but in this country that will not be necessary, for the trade union is played out, having lost the sympathy of the public and the support of the intelligent section of its members.

I propose, next week, to suggest a workable substitute for trade unionism.

DAVID COOPER.

BILLIARDS IN THE NORTH COUNTREE.

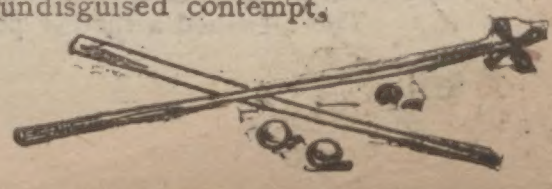
Untravelled Southerners have little or no idea of the tremendous hold billiards has on democracy in the North, and more especially Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The League system is highly popular. In Leeds alone, for example, there are at least eight different billiard leagues, and it is estimated that Lancashire and Yorkshire leagues have a membership of over 30,000 players, this is not including thousands of players in club competitions.

Glasgow is another stronghold of the game. There there are about sixty well-appointed saloons devoted entirely to billiards, and not in any way attached to public-houses. Each of these saloons contains anything from a dozen to two dozen excellent tables.

The other day while staying in the South I had a game with a stranger. His speech did not betray him, but at the end of the game, in which I was well beaten, I said that if I were not mistaken he came from Yorkshire. He replied that he was from Bradford. I was pretty sure of his identity from his game.

The Yorkshire player is seldom brilliant, and never flashy, but he plays a devastatingly sound half-ball game and has great power of cue. He has obviously been well taught in the beginning, and, indeed, in the North billiards is something of a religion, and the duffer is regarded with more or less undisguised contempt.



REPARATION

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

"Are you prepared," he asked her, "to assent to this proposal?"

He spoke coldly, deliberately choosing a frigid utterance for fear that she would mistake a kindlier, more friendly tone for an indication of still surviving affection.

"Yes," she said dully, nervously plucking at her gloves the while she watched him with stricken, helpless, uncomplaining eyes.

"Let me repeat the terms," he proceeded. "For your own sake it is desirable that there shall be no possibility of misunderstanding."

He read: "I, Evelyn Gray, do of my own free will accept from Mr. Percy Travers the sum of £50 (fifty pounds sterling) in full settlement of all claims and obligations between us. And I hereby undertake that I will not molest him in the future, either in person or by letter, or by any other means whatsoever, so help me God."

"The date is appended," he went on, "and the caretaker and her husband will act as witnesses if you are ready to sign?"

He was perfectly well aware that the contract was not worth the paper it was written on, but he relied on the oath at the end impressing her as binding.

He wished she were not taking the conclusion of their *liaison* so passively. He had prepared himself for something of a scene, and was ready to adopt the gentle, sympathetic, yet unyielding attitude which experience had told him was most proper on such an occasion.

But she sat colourless and listless, indifferent, it would almost seem, except for the dumb, patient wonder in her eyes.

That look struck home to his selfish, though far from callous, heart.

"Do you clearly comprehend what I've been saying?" he asked her, with slight irritation.

"Yes," she said. She sighed very wearily and got up from her seat to take another chair at the table. "Where do I sign?" she asked.

He hesitated a moment, then crossed the room to press a bell.

"Wait a moment," he said. "They'll be here in a minute."

He was embarrassed, feeling mean and her inferior. Yet she was only a shop-girl; and he, Percy Travers—well, he hoped he was a gentleman!

"No compulsion even to treat her so generously as this," he thought, angrily self-defensive. "She's not in trouble. I want to make reparation because I'm sorry for her—because I like her."

He turned and spoke to her.

"This marriage, you know," he said, forcibly, "it's absolutely imperative. I can't get out of it. The family fortune depends on it. If it were otherwise——"

"Yes, I know," she said. "You've explained it all before."

"Don't you believe me?" he asked her—regretting the question immediately.

"I know that you are tired of me. I suppose you wish you'd never met me. I don't care about anything else."

Her voice was neither bitter nor resigned, but merely lifeless; like ashes.

"I'm sorry for you," he said, and took an irresolute step forward.

Then he pulled himself together: it would never do to allow sentiment to interfere with expediency.

He stood biting his lip till a knock on the door made him cross and open it for the caretaker.

"Oh, Mrs. Gee," he said, "I want you and your husband to be so good as to witness a signature to a business document. Would you kindly ask him to step down for a minute."

She was a discreet woman, this caretaker. She had performed similar offices before, and asked no questions. As for her husband, he did not count.

There ensued a further period of uncomfortable waiting.

"I wish they'd make haste," said a husky voice from the table—his first intimation that her silence was heroic.

"They're coming now," he said hastily.

He placed a piece of blotting paper over the writing paper and pointed with a finger, the witnesses standing by without any apparent interest.

The girl signed with a trembling hand.

The witnesses signed. They went out.

"That's done," said Travers, with palpable relief.

The girl sat with her face buried in her hands, motionless, and uttering no sound.

Travers wondered if she were praying.

"Come!" he said, with hollow briskness. "Don't give way, there's a good girl! There'll come a day when you'll be glad about this; glad that it stopped before anything—irreparable happened." He furtively pushed a bulky envelope beneath her hands. "Now, be a good sensible girl! Come!" he urged.

She uncovered her face and wearily got to her feet, picking up her gloves.

He handed her the envelope, but she faintly shook her head.

"If you don't take it," he declared impatiently, "I shall send it to you."

She took it. He hesitated an instant, then followed her to hold open the door.

"Good-bye," he murmured.

She halted and looked up at him—looked long, intently, and accusingly. Then she went out.

Travers returned and stood in the middle of the room, pondering, a premonitory fear beginning to appear in his eyes.

"What is she going to do?" he whispered. "What in the name of God has she determined to do? . . ."

TRIMMING WINDOW-BOXES.

At this season of the year the beauty of the window-box is rapidly passing away, but you can still hold it for a little longer if you trim the various plants in it, and especially the creepers that hang down from it.

Cut away all withered leaves and stalks and trim the plants rather severely. The roots will then have less to nourish, and the remaining foliage will become greener and fresher.

A window-box in which all the plants are over-grown does not look well, nor does it keep attractive for so long a period.

STALE HOTEL BEDROOMS.

Why is it that the managers of even good-class hotels do not realise the advantage of an abundance of fresh air in the bedrooms?

As most travellers know, the average hotel bedroom is, when you enter it, a musty smelling and unwholesome apartment.

Sometimes one of the window sashes is open for two inches or so, but that is not sufficient to ventilate a room. You throw the sashes as far up and down as they will go, and the clean air from outside takes the place of the stale air, but it does not remove the musty smell from carpets and bedding.

Hotel proprietors ought to understand that a room will never smell sweet unless the windows are kept open all day. If their guest does not like so much ventilation the windows can be closed when he enters the room.

CLUB NEWS.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Birmingham MODERN MAN Club will hold a smoking concert next Wednesday, September 13, at 7.30 p.m., at the club rooms, 46, New Street. There is no charge for admission, and all local readers are cordially invited.

NEWPORT.—The Newport MODERN MAN Club has now been established, with headquarters at the Old Boys' Institute, 63, Stow Hill, Newport, Mon. The pastimes and amusements include: Indoors—billiards (two full-size tables), shooting, physical culture, first aid class; outdoors—football, harriers, &c. The secretary is Mr. D. R. Webb, 17, Herbert Street, Newport.

EDINBURGH.—Various attractions have been arranged in connection with this enterprising club. Particulars will be announced from time to time. All local readers should communicate with the secretary, Mr. W. A. Halliday, Edinburgh MODERN MAN Club, India Buildings, Victoria Street, Edinburgh.

CUB-HUNTING

PREPARING HOUNDS AND FOXES FOR THE WINTER'S SPORT.

Cub-hunting will be early this year on account of the early harvest, and at the time of writing some few packs have already commenced to visit the largest woodlands with the object of teaching the young idea how to run and hunt.

The purposes of cub-hunting are two-fold; to educate the young entry among the hounds in the business of catching foxes, and to teach the fox-cubs that it is their duty when hounds come to flee fast and far before them, and in as straight a line and over as sound galloping ground as ploughmen, cur-dogs, and motor-cars heading or coursing them will let them travel.

For the keen hunting man cub-hunting has an especial charm which the regular season fails to provide. He must rise, dress, and be on his way to the meet in the dark, for the proper time to throw off hounds is at that moment after dawn when it is just possible to distinguish one hound from another.

THE RIDE BEFORE DAYBREAK.

The ride to covert through the dark lanes in the fresh morning air is a pleasant experience, which even that early bird the otter hunter seldom enjoys, for it is nearly always light when he starts off, however soon after sunrise the fixture. After the slack season of summer it is good to find oneself in the saddle again, and to look forward to a coming season that shall last until the end of next March. Alas, how quickly it speeds away once it commences!

Hounds have for weeks past been at exercise on the roads as early as four or five o'clock in the morning, and at least three days a week. Their feet are hardened and their muscles in good order from the ten or fifteen-mile trot on the highways before the motor-car has left its garage, or, indeed, any road traffic is astir. They have also learnt something of kennel life since they came in from their walks in the spring; and a great change they must have found it from the unrestrained liberty of the farms and inns at which they were quartered.

THE PUPPY AND THE CUB.

But of the true business of their lives they know nothing, until in the dusk of the morning cold and grey they follow the old hounds into the thick undergrowth of a hundred-acre wood at a wave of the huntsman's hand.

Once, standing behind a tree on the edge of a ride, I witnessed the meeting of a young hound who had never seen a fox with a cub who had never seen a fox-hound. A big litter had been disturbed, the vixen had left in a hurry for safer quarters, and the pack had divided after various cubs, and was running them in different parts of the covert. These twain came round a holly bush and met face to face. Neither knew what the other was, and blank astonishment was depicted on each of their countenances.

Young Rantipole and younger Reynard faced each other for half a minute in obvious and laughable perplexity. Then the latter turned and bolted across the ride, while the former watched him vanish.

TEACHING HIM HIS WORK.

Old Trueman came bundling through the undergrowth and emerged beside the staring puppy. In an instant his keen old nose scented the quarry. Down it went to the ground. Two steps and he was on the line. Then, with a sharp-voiced invitation to "come along," he dashed over the poached ride and Rantipole followed confidently.

Twenty minutes later the young hound was running about with a dark-red haunch of fox between his teeth, daring any member of the pack to take it from him. His education had commenced.

The rule in cub-hunting is "no noise." Holloas are not wanted; hounds should hear only the huntsman's voice in covert. Outside, the old foxes and any cubs that break are allowed to go away unhunted. Fortunately, except in very dry seasons like the present, there is seldom much scent outside, and hounds can easily be stopped.

But blood is wanted, for without it no hound can be entered. In these days there are more than enough short-running foxes and unenterprising cubs—looking for handy drains and rabbit-burrows—to supply it.

Presently the pack settles to the line of one such cub, and begins to chivvy him round and round one section of the wood.

Then saddles are tapped lustily whenever he approaches a ride or a boundary fence in order to head him back into hounds' mouths. The cry grows louder and more vicious . . . . then ceases suddenly. Either they have caught him or he has popped into a drain or burrow.

In the latter case, spade and terrier are requisitioned—it is a fine chance to test an untried terrier—and he is dug out. A few strokes with the spade and his furry little head is disclosed, the light eyes with narrowed pupils glaring at his enemies, the white tushes snapping viciously at the thong the whipper-in is endeavouring to slip over his neck.

If he had only gone away after his mother he would have escaped and lived to be the pilot of many a long run in the open. But as a skulker he is of no use either for sport or to be the father of straight-running descendants. So he is pulled out and broken up to give the young entry a taste of blood, and teach them what they were bred and born and brought up to live for.

ENJOYING CUBBING ON FOOT.

The country dweller or the visitor from town who seeks his holiday in the month of September can see a deal of sport if he will get up in the dark and go cubbing afoot. More especially will he see hounds at work—to the true sportsman, the better part of all hunting.

For the riding man, until quite late in the season, cub-hunting has no attractions. He does not, nor should he, get a gallop. Usually the ground is much too hard for galloping, and this year it will be almost too much so for hounds' feet.

But with a brace, or perhaps a leash, of cubs accounted for, hounds will go back to kennels happy, and the cub-hunter be home with a fine appetite for breakfast to meet the sluggards of the house-party yawning their way downstairs, yet eager to hear all about the morning's sport, for every man is at heart and in intention a fox-hunter.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

TAXI DRIVERS' EXAMS.

Taxi drivers will, if you ask them, generally find no complaint with the examinations that they have to undergo, for they have succeeded in passing them, but you will get a different opinion if you consult one of the plucked applicants.

When a man has qualified himself with a knowledge of mechanics and the art of driving, he is tested at Scotland Yard before receiving his licence. He generally manages to pass in regard to the mechanical part of his work, but many a candidate is floored by the questions put to him in regard to the geography of London.

He is asked the nearest way between two places which the average man has never heard of, and he has not only to give a rough idea of the route, but to name every street which he will traverse.

The questions set are extremely hard.

How many London readers, for example, could describe the nearest way between Sion College and Spurgeon's Orphanage, or between the Temperance Hospital and Dorset Square?

And yet these were two of the eighteen questions recently put to candidates.

If the geography examination were less severe, we should not hear so much of the scarcity of motor drivers.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SILVER BUTTON

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By E. G. PAIKES.

The particulars which Mr. Matthews gave me were brief and to the point, as became a successful man of business.

"What has happened," he said, "to put it in a nutshell, is that I have been robbed of a diamond necklace, worth between £1,000 and £1,500.

"As you know, I am a diamond merchant, and I received the order from a Bond Street firm, who wanted it for a titled customer.

"Certain of the stones did not quite please me, and I determined to take them home and examine them closely at my leisure.

"Other matters kept me at the office till eight o'clock, when I left. I had given my chauffeur permission to take the evening off, and I proposed to go home in a taxi, but apparently my man had changed his mind, for there at the office door was my own car.

"I did not speak to my driver, beyond saying the one word 'home,' and he merely touched his cap.

"The way between the office and my house runs through Islington, and in one of the darkest streets, which my man was in the habit of taking as a short cut, and which was practically deserted, I was surprised to find the car stop suddenly.

"The driver opened the door, and I presumed he was going to explain matters, but instead of that he hit me across the head with something heavy. I shouted, and did my best to struggle with him, but he hit me again, and I lost consciousness.

"The police have discovered that after this the man closed the door and drove hurriedly away, for people had heard my cries, and had come from the houses.

"All I can say is that when I recovered consciousness I was lying by the roadside near Staines.

"The diamond necklace was missing, but I found in my hand a silver button, which I had apparently grasped in my struggle with the driver. It was identical with the buttons of my man's livery."

"Both driver and car have now disappeared, I presume?"

"On the contrary," he said. "I took train back to town at once, and, to my amazement, found that the car was in the garage. No one had seen it either depart or return, for the garage is at the bottom of the garden, and enters from a quiet lane. His coat, however, was hanging on its usual hook, and one button was missing.

"What I want you to do is to find the missing necklace for me. The police have arrested the chauffeur, but they have not got the goods."

The case seemed a very ordinary one till the chauffeur came up for examination at the police court that afternoon. Then it was proved by several witnesses that he had spent that evening at the first house at the Holborn Empire, which made it quite impossible for him to have been the culprit, in spite of the circumstantial evidence of the silver button.

That evening I examined the garage, and discovered two or three things which might or might not develop into clues of importance. Everything depended upon the habits of the chauffeur.

I wanted to see exactly how he prepared the car for a run. I, therefore, requested Mr. Matthews to instruct his driver to take me that evening from his house to my chambers.

I waited till it was getting dark, and then, at my request, Mr. Matthews sent for the chauffeur, and gave the necessary orders. I accompanied the man to the garage. He opened the door, and immediately we had entered he closed it. Quite casually I asked him why.

"I don't know, sir," he said, "but I suppose it's just a habit. Sometimes children come bothering when I'm getting the car ready, so I've got into the way of closing the door."

"Do you ever, by any chance, work in the garage by candlelight?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I don't, because it's not safe when there's petrol about. I always use the electric light."

I observed, however, that there was a candle on a shelf. It had obviously been used recently, for the grease round the wick had not become dusty.

I had already learned all that I desired so far as the chauffeur was concerned, and, to that young man's surprise, I announced that, after all, I should not require his services to take me back to town, as I had recollected some further business to be transacted with Mr. Matthews.

I returned to the house and found that the family were just about to dine. There was present one member whom I had not previously met—namely, Reginald Matthews, the second son.

At their suggestion I joined them for the meal, and afterwards, when the ladies had left us, smoked and had a glass with Mr. Matthews and his two sons.

The elder was a very quiet young man, whose chief interest appeared to be in his father's business, in which he was a partner. The younger was of a different character, and from his conversation posed as more than a bit of a blood.

"You still seem as far as ever from discovering that necklace," he said to me. "If I were to make a bet, I should say that it was about even money between you and the police, for I don't believe that either of you will prove winners."

"I venture to think," I said, "that I have already won. Perhaps, Mr. Reginald, you will tell us what you have done with the necklace."

All the young man's bravado vanished instantaneously, and his face became deathly white.

"For God's sake," he said, "don't make this public, dad. I ought to have known I'd get spotted, but you don't know the difficulties I was in."

At this confession, his father's look of incredulity vanished, and he became as white as his son.

"Please explain your meaning," he said to me.

"I think that what your son has already said justifies my suggestion," I replied, "but if you desire to know the steps by which I reached my conclusion, here they goes.

"The chauffeur's alibi was, of course, conclusive, and his conduct this evening, when preparing the car for my cancelled ride, convinced me beyond all doubt of his innocence.

"I had already observed that the window of the garage did not open, and that the only means of ventilation was by a couple of small grids near the roof, and they caused no draught. On a shelf in the garage, however, there was a candle which had been badly guttered, showing that the flame had been blown, and that the door must, therefore, have been left open.

"Your chauffeur's custom was obviously to close the door, and, moreover, I further discovered that it was not his habit to use candles, and that he kept this one merely as a stand-by in the event of the failure of the electric light.

"What was of greater importance was that I discovered in the grass growing beside the outer wall of the garage the gilded stump of a Turkish cigarette. There remained upon the unconsumed part two letters of the name of the brand.

"Your chauffeur does not smoke gold-tipped cigarettes. Your son, however, does. On the cigarette with which he has just favoured me, the final letters of the name of the brand correspond with those on the stump which I discovered."

"What are you going to do about it?" Reginald Matthews asked, turning to his father. "I pawned the diamonds. Here's the ticket."

His father took it.

"You can leave us," he said.

"The worst feature of it all," he continued to me, "is that he tried to make the chauffeur the scapegoat."

The solution of what the newspapers called "The Mystery of the Silver Button" never became public, but Mr. Reginald Matthews was dispatched post haste to the Colonies, where, perchance, fate may yet make a man of him.

WOUNDED!

"CHINSTRAP" DESCRIBES THE SENSATIONS OF THE MAN WHO IS SHOT IN BATTLE.

Some of our fellow-citizens have recently learned what it feels like to be wounded by a rifle bullet, sword, or bayonet, an experience which, I wager, they are not anxious to renew.

I do not say this meaning in any way to sneer at the poor devils.

During my Service career I was only wounded once, and that was a trivial affair. Nevertheless, I formed the lasting impression then that it is no fun to be wounded even slightly.

I have yet to meet the man who, bearing the honourable scars of warfare, is anxious to add to their number, just as I told you in a previous article I have never met a sane man who, having known the realities of war, was wished to go through them again.

Bullets have chiefly a stunning effect, and even a slight bullet-wound will produce the sensation of a heavy blow.

THE SHOCK OF GETTING HIT.

In my own case, a bullet passed across the outside of my knee. It went under the skin, making distinct entry and exit holes about two inches apart, but without touching the bone even ever so slightly.

The only resistance it encountered, therefore, was the thin flesh, little more than skin, lying over the bony part of the knee—you can easily test this for yourself.

Nevertheless, the shock knocked me off my feet, and I thought someone had hit me with a club.

When a bullet strikes a bone or penetrates deeply into tissues or muscles, the shock is so tremendous that the victim is mercifully more or less knocked out of time, and when he comes to, the ambulance will probably have rea he l him.

Bullets play extraordinary pranks. I remember one poor chap who was shot in the stomach. Something deflected it after entering, and it went right round his body, touching more than one vital organ, and eventually lodging just under the skin near the spot where it had entered. He lived for some hours, humanely plugged with morphia.

HOW SWORD AND BAYONET WOUNDS FEEL.

The outstanding characteristic of the bullet wound, too, is the sense of shock. Afterwards there is often little or no pain, but a sword or cutting wound of any kind, so I am told, does not hurt at the time, but gives you "gip" later on. At the actual moment, however, you are conscious of little more than a pricking or tingling sensation.

Bullet and sword wounds heal differently. The bullet in its path absolutely destroys the tissues through which it passes, and the void thus left fills up by a slow process of granulation—that is, in the case of a flesh wound—and the general rule is, if possible, to keep the wound open.

In my own case, for instance, the excellent sawbones who attended me slit up the skin between the two holes made by the bullet, and the space gradually filled up.

With a sword wound, on the other hand, the tissues are not destroyed but merely divided. Unless complications set in, they reunite like a good india-rubber tobacco pouch when you snip a bit out of it.

UNSPEAKABLE "LANGUAGE."

It is this reuniting process, I understand, that gives rise to that language which makes even hardened R.A.M.C. hospital orderlies turn pale.

Different men take wounds differently. Some make light of them; others worry and turn a slight wound into a serious one.

Of course, they often have a good deal to worry about.

Bullet wounds which run through a fleshy part of the body, such as the calf of the leg, are kept open by means of india-rubber drainage tubes, passed through the entire length of the wound. These drainage tubes have to be changed two or three times a day, and I understand that there are pleasanter things in life to look forward to than the arrival of the surgeon to put in a new tube. Anyway, I can quite believe that it is apt to get on your nerves after a week or two of it.

Then, even the man with a slight wound may well have "nightmares."

In South Africa, for example, wounds often heal badly owing to the dust in the air. If this dust gets into a wound it may mean an anything but cheerful procession to the operating tent, and that is not a pleasant thing to think about.

On the whole, I should say that the worst part of being wounded—always supposing that you are not left out on the field consumed with the raging thirst that accompanies a serious wound—is the aftermath, assuming that you are hit badly enough to be detained in the field hospital tent.

It is not pleasant to see your best pals carried out to the operating tent. It gives you still more of a "sinking feeling" when they are brought back moaning or raving under the influence of the chloroform.

EXPERIENCES OF THE HOSPITAL TENT.

The nights seem devilish long, more especially when some poor chap whose wound has inflamed keeps telling you what pals he is with the Man in the Moon.

Even when a man dies in the night, and they get him away without your knowing about it, there are more exhilarating sounds than the distant, but sharp, rattle of three volleys, and livelier tunes than the "Last Post" at ten o'clock in the *morning*.

I have had experience of both male and female nurses. Each class has its particular points. I should say that in the case of a slight wound or an illness like a broken leg, give me a man nurse all the time. When seriously ill, however, I should think that most men would prefer a woman to tend them.

When you are tied by the leg by some trivial ailment, a woman-nurse is apt to be a bit of a nuisance.

You can't swear at her or things in general. She is apt to have absurd views about the amount of whisky or the number of cigars good for an "invalid."

Besides, you may get flirting with her, or she with you, which usually means the deuce and all to pay.

However, that is rather getting away from the subject of wounds which I will quit with the sententious remark that wounds, big or little, are no joke.

"CHINSTRAP."

COLOUR IN HORSES.

HOW IT IS SUPPOSED TO SHOW CHARACTER.

It seems hard to discover any reason why a horse's character should be indicated by its colour, but that such is the case seems proved by the unanimity of the opinions of horsey men.

The colour of a horse affects the price obtainable for it to a very considerable extent.

Very few racing men really care to back a washy chestnut. Horses of that colour have the reputation of being flashy but unreliable performers; who, though they may run away with a race on one day, will probably not win another, even in far inferior company, for months. They are supposed, also, to be bad-tempered and averse to trying hard.

Black horses, on the other hand, though very rare, are supposed to combine all the good qualities of a race-horse. They are powerful, fast, and can generally stay long distances. Their only drawback is that they are so mettlesome as to be rather dangerous.

Grey horses are interesting. Statistics show that this colour undoubtedly stands for stamina.

Senseless, a grey horse whose sire, Grey Leg, is also a grey, is a notable instance of this. He has won a large number of races over distances ranging from five furlongs to a mile, and among his achievements is a victory on two occasions in the Nottinghamshire Handicap.

The French Turf, which just now possesses some splendid blood, has a large number of greys. It is strange, though, that no grey has ever won the Derby.

SHOOTING ACCIDENTS

HOW THEY ARE TO BE AVOIDED.

Accidents in the shooting-field occur chiefly from thoughtlessness, but there are certain points that, carefully observed, would minimise the risk of such accidents very considerably.

The chief maxim to be observed is that laid down by an old lady who was born in the days before the double-barrelled gun, much less the breech-loader had been invented—namely, "a gun will go off whether loaded or not."

Absurd as this maxim seems, it really embodies a sound axiom. Fatal accidents are almost invariably caused by guns that are not loaded—or not believed to be loaded.

No sportsman, of course, would ever take a loaded gun into a dwelling-house. In the days of muzzle-loaders, it was necessary to fire off the gun before entering the house: a signal utilised to pour boiling water on the tea in the tea-pot at most farm-houses. Now the process of extracting the cartridges from the breech-loader is so simple that it is occasionally neglected, though without the slightest excuse.

CLIMBING A STILE.

But the same precaution should be observed when in walking-up birds a fence or stile is to be climbed. The cartridges should always be extracted and the gun passed over the obstacle muzzle upwards and pointing away from any human being. No gun should ever be pointed in the direction of any living thing not being a bird of game or ground vermin.

Never fire at anything that you do not clearly see and recognise as the game you are out to shoot. Cocker spaniels and the leggings of your host are often the exact colour of a rabbit. If you do not see the rabbit clearly and unmistakably you may easily pepper your host or his favourite dog—in each case unforgivably.

Never shoot into or over a hedge. It is impossible to know what is on the other side, or how penetrable the hedge may be.

Do not fire at a rabbit on the road. You can never tell in what direction shot will ricochet. I have seen a young farmer badly wounded in the ear by ricocheted gun-shot from a gun aimed well in advance of him at a rabbit running up a lane.

A TRAGIC EPISODE.

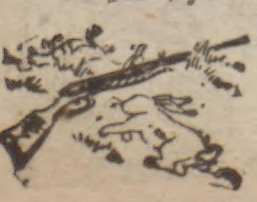
The late Lord Ravensworth was once peppered in this way by the senior partner in Lambton's Bank at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A bystander exclaimed: "My God! you've shot the Earl!" which so appalled the banker that he fell dead on the spot. His thoughtless aim was fatal only to himself.

The man who "follows his birds round" with his gun is a very dangerous companion in the shooting field. So is the man who in a butt shoots in the direction of the adjacent butts on either side. If he cannot stop birds coming towards him, he must wait until they have passed over him and take them from behind without following them round.

The safest place in a line of guns is on the left: a doubtful shot is, therefore, always placed on the extreme right of the line where he can do least mischief. The man who finds himself at many successive shoots placed, beat after beat, on the extreme right of the line may easily estimate his position in the opinion of his fellow-sportsmen, and would do well to give up the gun for some less lethal implement of sport.

Jealousy is a frequent cause of shooting accidents. If there is the slightest doubt as to whether any individual bird is yours or your neighbour's on either side, let him shoot first. If it is not his, he will probably be so hurried that he will miss with both barrels, and you will then have a chance legitimately to "wipe his eye" by bringing down the game with one barrel at long range.

G. M. TERRY.



MY NOTEBOOK.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.

The offer of the hon. secretary of the Coventry branch of the Smallheath Harriers, to which I referred last week, has brought me another. It comes from Mr. G. L. Lamb, hon. secretary of the Walsall Harriers. He will be pleased to have a spin with any reader in that district who contemplates taking up running during the coming season.

Mr. Lamb's address is 9, Bradford Street, Walsall.

In the old days—not so very long ago, by the way—when I had more time at my disposal, cross-country running was one of my own favourite recreations. Perhaps, therefore, I may be prejudiced in its favour, but I regard it as one of the finest sports going.

THE SERIOUS DRAMA.

A Kensington reader sends me a long letter in which he bewails the emptiness of the theatres which present serious plays.

"His Majesty's Theatre," he says, "is always well attended, but if the truth must be out, the people are induced to go there more because Sir Herbert Tree has acquired a reputation for the magnificent setting of his plays than because of the merits of the plays themselves.

"I have done my best to educate my son to an appreciation of the serious drama; but now that he has grown up I find it very difficult to persuade him to accompany me to any play that I think worth seeing. He prefers a music-hall or a light musical comedy.

"Can you explain this falling away in the rising generation?"

I may venture an explanation, but I do not think there is any falling away. It seems to me that the young man of the present day works very much harder than that of the last generation, and, therefore, he likes his amusement to be of a more frivolous character, simply by way of contrast. A man who has been using his brain during his working hours does not want to be obliged to use it in the evening, for he feels the need of rest.

So far as my experience goes, it is usually people who do not have to work very hard for a living who like serious plays.

The rising generation may, therefore, I venture to say, be complimented on its choice, for the popularity of these frivolous plays may be regarded as a sign that we are working harder.

ANOTHER TERRITORIAL GROWL.

That things are not as they ought to be in some sections of the Territorial Force is shown by the letters I receive from readers. Here is one:

"I am a member of the 8th Battalion Notts and Derbyshire Regiment, Sherwood Foresters," writes a correspondent. "From July 31 till August 13 we were training on Scarborough racecourse.

"One day, during the first week, roast beef, potatoes, and haricot beans were served for dinner. The dinner was nearly over, when all at once one chap, on cutting into the beef on his plate, discovered two or three large maggots in the centre of it. He at once told his mate about it, and then all of us who had any meat left examined it, and three out of every five found maggots on their plates.

"It was reported to the orderly officer, and tinned meat was then fetched in place of that which was rotten.

I sincerely trust that, while the presence of the maggots was reported to the orderly officer concerned, the orderly officer was also reported by the captain of the day to his colonel for negligence in the execution of his duties.

It is one of the principal duties of an orderly officer not only to visit the men's mess and inquire whether there are any complaints, but also to examine the rations carefully before they are served out or cooked.

The duties of an orderly officer are many, and his opportunities of refreshing his memory regarding them between camps are few; but that does not excuse him. He can consult his books of reference, or, better, he can run over the day's work with the regimental sergeant-major, who is one of the young subaltern's best friends.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

HOW BOXERS TRAIN

WITH A WORD ABOUT JOHNSON'S METHODS.

Probably no branch of sport has undergone such extensive changes of late years as the methods of training adopted by professional boxers.

It is no very far cry to the days when every [illegible]ing man at the outset of his [illegible] used to be sent across the [illegible] to Boulogne or Dieppe and back on a rough day, to clear out his system, forsooth, by being violently ill! It is understood now that the shock to the internal organism resulting from such Spartan treatment was sufficient to debilitate very strongly against a man's real fitness when the day of the fight at length arrived.

Another very popular form of preparation used to be to take a man for gruelling walks at racing pace [illegible]ched in heavy woollen underwear, a thick sweater, [illegible]ueller, and at least three huge overcoats—one, of [illegible] being bigger than the other, so as to allow of [illegible]s put on over each other.

REDUCING FAT—AND STRENGTH AS WELL.

[illegible]is was with the object of getting off any superfluous [illegible]; but it undoubtedly had the effect of taking off all the unfortunate man's flesh, and practically his entire strength with it.

The actual causes for the introduction of saner and more sensible training methods are hard to understand. It is, however, certain that the standard of education of boxers nowadays—in the same way as that of the pugilists themselves—is immeasurably higher, a fact which will doubtless account for it.

Nowadays training from a boxer's point of view is widely different. The old methods are only used by [illegible]keys at the present time.

The professional pugilist of to-day, as soon as he has ratified an agreement for a fight, starts to get fit [illegible], not violently.

He goes to bed early, and gets up early too, but does not start exercise before breakfast. He knows that this is often very injurious. It does harm to nine men for every one that it benefits. This is because these men's stomachs are strained when empty by violent exercise, and consequently meals are not properly [illegible].

HIS TRAINING.

The boxer, therefore, breakfasts on whatever he [illegible]ed for (porridge is much favoured by the [illegible]), and he eats as much as he likes.

He waits at least two hours for digestion, after getting into ordinary running kit, starts out along a secluded country road at about 10.30 or 11 a.m.

He trains at first by what he calls "mixing it": he walks, say, a quarter of a mile in correct style, heel [illegible]e, with straight legs, swinging pendulum-fashion from the hips, and at the end of the distance he dashes off without even a "breather" on a sprint of a hundred [illegible] or so.

Then again without stopping, he continues his racing-walk, [illegible]on; and at length, pretty tired, he gets back to his [illegible]g quarters, generally a quiet sporting inn some[illegible]re in a London suburb or a country-town, for a [illegible]down and a light lunch.

He partakes of this at about midday or half-past.

THE AFTERNOON'S WORK.

At about 2.30 p.m. he is in the gym, sparring with his [illegible]rtner (always a "class." boxer himself, by the way), [illegible]skipping over the horse, punching the ball, and, perhaps [illegible]ost important of all, wrestling with an enormously [illegible]avy bag—a form of training which was recently in[illegible]duced from America, and to which Jim Jeffries attached [illegible]n faith.

Jack Johnson, by the way, who recently told the [illegible]riter that he has the greatest respect for Wells as a [illegible]oxer, and does not think lightly, by any means, of [illegible]his task against the Bombardier, has a training method of [illegible]his own.

He enlists the services of a huge and enormously strong man, who locks his hands behind Jack's neck, and tries to force him forwards, backwards, sideways, and so on.

Johnson, of course, resists, and he declares stoutly that this is a splendid exercise for suppling every muscle of the body.

Bombardier Billy Wells has added to the usual means of preparation the exercise of sculling.

As every oarsman knows, sculling has a splendid effect on the arm muscles, and particularly the triceps, which is one of the principal muscles used in hitting.

As Billy's chief boxing capital is the marvellous force of his blows, he is wise to add to it as much as he can. It will be disastrous, however, if in doing so he makes his muscles too hard, and therefore less speedy, for it is the quickness as well as the strength with which he can hit that give us hopes of winning the boxing championship of the world with our white candidate.

The fact that he has taken up sculling, however, illustrates my argument—namely, that modern boxers, instead of blindly following traditional methods of training, are experimenting intelligently and selecting what best suits them.

WALTER H. COOK.

LONDON CAMEOS.

II.—UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE.

It was the end of a long hot day. Dark was falling. And out of the gates of Hyde Park came a little knot of five small ragged children—a boy with a female atom holding on to each grubby hand, a bigger boy, and a bigger girl. The combined ages of the five would probably not have exceeded twenty years.

They moved along with funeral slowness, not speaking to each other, animated only by the instinctive purpose of getting home; a forlorn, foot-weary, drab little band.

They stood on the corner of the pavement waiting for an opportunity to cross the road. The traffic roared by them. People were about in plenty—corpuscles in the great city's blood. None noticed the children, or, if noticing, gave no sign.

The bigger boy crossed over first, drifting in and out of the vehicles like a wind-blown leaf. The bigger girl followed him. But the boy with the female atom holding on to each hand still stood waiting. He must not risk their helpless lives in the surging tide of treacherous traffic.

Presently a policeman held up his hand. The stream of traffic was temporarily suspended.

The boy took the gutter now, and the diminutive trinity passed slowly over. No haste, nor revealing any heed of anything. Simply weary with dragging feet. Going home.

A man observed them. Paused and watched their progress with a humorous, pitying eye.

They waited again, patiently, on the "island" halfway across. They ultimately reached the other side.

They started to descend Grosvenor Place.

"I really must give the poor little devils a penny," thought the man.

He followed and caught them up. The bigger boy and the bigger girl had waited, and now the little band was reunited.

He stopped them and said, "Here, you youngsters, half a minute."

He returned a few paces to the first hawker's stand near by and bought a pound of apples (3d.), a pound of Victoria plums (2d.), and five bananas (3d.).

These he distributed amongst the children with great regard for fairness.

"You'd better have a penny each as well," he said, thinking he might as well make a thorough job of it.

Their hands were already full, but they managed to make room. Not one of them smiled or grew brighter. But one of the boys said huskily, "Thank you, sir," with an unforgettable light in his eyes.

Then the man went on his way, annoyed with himself for being so generous.

G. A.

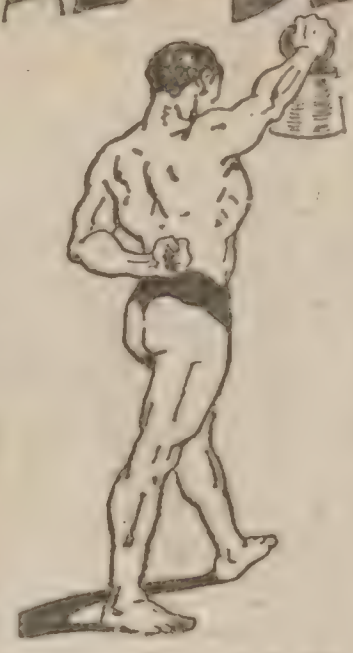
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

SELF MASSAGE.

A PRACTICAL LESSON OF GREAT VALUE.



The advantages of self-massage as an aid to physical development can be readily understood when one realises that massage has, in a degree, the same effect as exercise upon the muscles, inasmuch as both induce a greater flow of blood to the part under treatment.

Self-massage, in addition to benefiting the muscles treated, brings into play other muscles—that is, those which supply the motive power. Moreover, there is an output of conscious effort which is favourable to the increase of concentrative power.

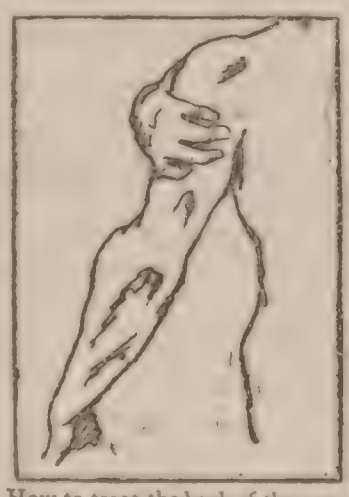
The great attraction, however, is the agreeableness of its accomplishment, which can take place before getting out of bed in the morning. It will loosen your joints and muscles, and start your circulation, incidentally warming you up for the cold tub.

Massaging the calf.

Before you get out of bed, then, massage yourself in the manner described here.

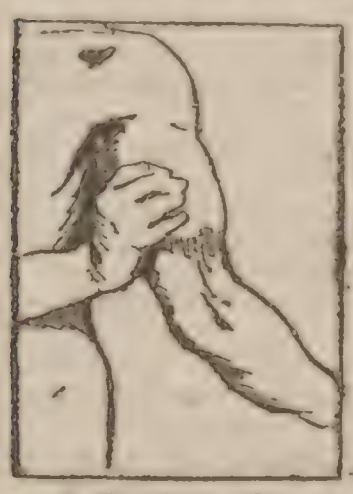
Whilst lying on the back, draw the left foot up and bend the knee until the muscles of the thigh and calf are quite supple and soft. Now grasp the ankle with both hands, the thumbs resting upon the instep; then squeeze hard and evenly.

Next move the hands about two inches higher and repeat, bringing the hands higher, in similar distances, until you reach the thick part of the thigh, which the hands should no longer be able to encircle. To ensure massaging every part of the thigh, squeeze once with the tips of the fingers meeting and once with the thumbs meeting round the same part of the thigh.



How to treat the back of the arm.

To give the muscles of the fore-arm a rest, the abdomen must be massaged next, as follows: Place the palms of the hands with the fingers pointing towards each other and touching lightly, just below the breast-bone. Now exert considerable pressure, gradually working downwards to the base of the abdominal muscles. All trunk muscles must be thoroughly relaxed while being massaged, and this will effectually prevent constipation.



Dealing with the biceps.

Next come the arms. Grasp the right wrist with the left hand, and work up the back of the forearm to the elbow; then right up the back of the upper arm to the shoulder.

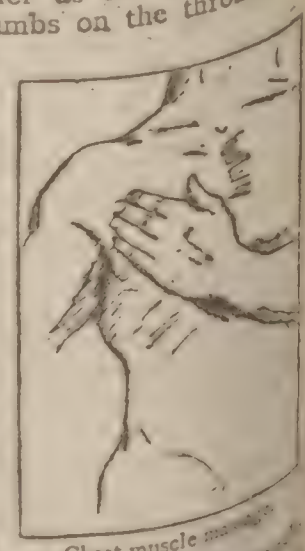
Then begin at the wrist again, and work up the front of the forearm to the biceps.

Do not release the arm between each squeeze, but work as though you were trying to force water out of a tube, allowing none to return. Treat the left arm in like manner.

Next come the muscles of the chest, which should be manipulated and kneaded right up to the collar-bone and the shoulder.

Now turn on the face and massage the shoulders. This is accomplished by raising one arm, resting the forearm on the pillow and allowing the shoulder to be thoroughly relaxed. Massage the shoulder as though squeezing water out of a sponge. Treat the other arm in the same way.

Now turn your attention to the trapezius (the big muscle that slopes from the neck to the shoulders), then the neck in the same manner as advised for the thigh, with the thumbs on the throat.



Chest muscle massage.

Last, but not least, massage the muscles in the small of the back, working from the buttocks upwards, using the palms of the hands until you get as high as you can reach. You can reach still higher by turning the hands over and using the backs, and a supple person will, with practice, be able to massage practically the whole of the back.

The mind must be concentrated upon the effort not to allow a single muscle to escape your fingers. If the massage be performed vigorously it will constitute a splendid system of exercising, and must have a beneficial effect upon the health, and a distinct tendency to develop muscle of a very useful kind.

The chest control exercise, given on this page the week before last, may well be used after the massage here described.

The body will then be in fine condition for the cold tub or sponge down.

(*This feature is continued on page 62, column 1.*)

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CALL and see me and I will demonstrate the wonderful power of my Belt to you.

Photo. taken from Life.

I invite every man who is not in possession of full health and vigour to try my Magneto Belt of Life. The price is not £5 but 5s. (five shillings), by easy payments. My Belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1s. deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay me the balance of 4s., or at the rate of 1s. weekly, whilst actually wearing it.

I will send you my 5/- Magneto Belt for 1/-

It will make you strong, vigorous, & self-confident in everything.

Don't Stay Weak, depressed and lacking in vigour and confidence another day. You can be free from weakness and become the mental and physical equal of anyone of your age. The vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by my Magneto Belt of Life. It can be worn next the skin or over the under-shirt, where it cannot be seen by others. Even the very first day you note a building up of vital strength and confidence. This goes on increasing day after day until you are as strong and well as other men. My belt can also be worn all night, and when worn continuously night and day the restoration of strength and fitness of every physical power is more rapid. Send for it to-day and commence wearing this wonderful Magneto Belt of Life at once and let it build up your strength.

Medical Men and Hospitals recognise Magnetism as a most effective curative power in cases of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Obesity, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Trembling, etc., etc.

My Magneto Belt of Life has cured thousands of such cases, and I have overwhelming testimony to prove it. Call and see me and I will demonstrate the power of my Belt to you.

I offer you a new lease of life. It does not matter what you have tried, or whether other means have failed to restore your health—My Belt of Life will not fail to do you good. It has never failed yet, even in the most obstinate cases, while in thousands of instances it has been the means of giving renewed life and vigour to the wearer.

The following are a few brief extracts from the chorus of universal praise received from wearers of my Magneto Belt:

"I am pleased to say that your Belt has worked wonders. I have only worn it four days, but I feel ever so much better. I have suffered from extreme nervous debility for years, and could not get relief from anything else."

"I have suffered for years from rheumatism, complicated with nervousness and insomnia, making life an intolerable burden. Your Belt is simply wonderful—it acted like magic. The pain of the rheumatism subsiding from the first day, and by the end of the week I was a sound man once more," writes a gentleman from Bournemouth.

"I can actually feel energy returning to me. I was entirely run down, and a shadow of my former self, when I began wearing your Magneto Belt. I have already gained pounds in weight, and look and feel like a different man. I am stronger and more than ever before."

From Laindon a correspondent writes:—"When I purchased your Belt of Life I fully intended returning it to you in seven days' time if it did me no good. Imagine my surprise when I found that from the very first moment of wearing it it was doing me good. It has given new life and strength, and I would not part with it for any money."

A correspondent from Gainsborough writes:—"The improvement in my health since wearing your Magneto Belt is simply marvellous. I would not part with the Belt for anything, for I feel that the good health I now enjoy is entirely due to its recuperative powers."

From Cornwall a gentleman writes:—"Your Belt of Life has done me a great deal of good. Before I wore it I was continually under the doctor's hands. Now, I am happy to say, I am quite well, thanks to your Belt."

"Your Magneto Belt worked wonders with me," writes a delighted patient from Aldershot. "I feel six years younger since wearing it. I find myself both bodily and mentally improved."

"Your Belt is honestly worth £5, although it only cost 5s.," writes a well-known athlete from Dublin.

"I am perfectly satisfied with your Belt of Life," writes a young man from Eastleigh. "Its effect was magical, and has entirely taken away all aches and pains."

Send Postal Order for 1/- only to-day, and receive Belt by return of post. Address: AMBROSE WILSON, 19, Vulcan House 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

☛ GIVE SIZE OF WAIST.

SHOULD GOTCH BE DISQUALIFIED?

FOUL TACTICS IN THE GREAT MATCH.

At Chicago, on the afternoon of September 4, Gotch retained the Wrestling Championship of the World by gaining two falls from Hackenschmidt.

We shall no doubt receive further details later, but for the present I will confine myself to a few points that seem to require explanation.

In the referee's report it states that: "Before he secured his winning hold in the first bout, Gotch slipped behind his opponent, picked him up bodily and threw him to his knees. Then, before putting his hold upon the Russian, Gotch *punished him violently with a series of savage jabs in the nose*, delivered with lightning swiftness."

Now, referring to the Rules of the Match, we find "and it is specially provided, also, that to gouge any portion of the head or body of the opponent with fingers, thumbs, toes, chin, and elbows; wilfully to *strike* or kick the opponent, to pull his hair or ears, or to put fingers under the opponent's nostrils, is prohibited and renders the practitioner *liable to disqualification*."

In spite of this clause, the referee not only allowed Gotch to continue, but calmly reports a breach of the rules, and therefore admits that Gotch ought to have been disqualified.

Be this as it may, the question will now arise as to whether Gotch really is the Champion of the World.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. (Walsall).—A good chest expanding exercise is this: Lie face downwards on the floor, with your hands beneath your shoulders. Then force the body up by straightening the arms; lower again, and repeat. Inhale as the body rises, exhale as it descends.

H. H. (Stowmarket).—You can't do anything to stop your growth. Six feet two is certainly tall for a man of 18, but probably you won't grow any taller now.

D. G. A. (Aberdeen).—To supple the fingers, practise some mimic piano exercises as rapidly and as often as possible.

J. A. T. (Liverpool).—As you say your heart is weak, you should avoid all sports and exercises which produce the slightest palpitation. Avoid over-exertion, and your heart may get strong again, especially as the weakness was caused by a strain, and is not of an organic character.

J. D. (Aberdeen).—Be guided by your doctor. See reply to J. A. T.

FULL CONTRACTION.

MR. THOMAS INCH EXPLAINS THE LATEST SYSTEM.

"Many readers of THE MODERN MAN have desired information concerning this, the latest development of physical culture, which I have had the honour of originating," writes Mr. Thomas Inch, the famous Physical Culture Expert, of Munster House, 676, Fulham Road, London, S.W.

"Briefly the art of full contraction is to give, by fully contracting a muscle instead of partially contracting it, the highest possible development in the shortest space of time.

"If, for the sake of argument, each reader will take it from me as being correct that (1) no muscle can be developed till tissue is broken down, and (2) that tissue can only be broken down by contracting a muscle, it will be readily understood what a very important departure the art of full contraction really is.

"It is altogether a matter of position. There are positions in which it is simply impossible to contract a muscle fully, and the positions that I have discovered are those in which it is impossible to do anything else but fully contract.

"The result is that it is quite easy to obtain the development to-day in two months that it used to take over twelve months to gain.

"It may interest readers to know thot it was this method I taught Bombardier Wells, who is about to fight Jack Johnson for the World's Boxing Championship.

"I am on good terms with many readers of this important journal, and any reader writing, mentioning the journal, shall have by return post, gratis, my latest book dealing thoroughly and fully with this interesting subject.

"THOMAS INCH."

DRILL TERMS.

A LESSON FOR TERRITORIAL RECRUITS.

Probably one of the most vexatious things that c... up to make the Territorial recruit's life rather a tr... is the frequency with which he finds himself at a loss to know the meaning of the terms used in drill and move... ment on parade.

It is even safe to assert that some of the older ha... occasionally are tripped up on parade through the sam... cause.

The following explanations will be found of use to those to whom drill is at all mysterious.

"Alignment" means any straight line on whic... body of troops is formed, or are to form, when the movement is carried out; and to "dress" means to take up alignment correctly—that is, all in the ranks to form a line which is quite straight.

RANK AND FLANK.

A line of men side by side is termed a "rank," ... the space between men the "interval."

The latter also means the lateral space between ... or corps, measured from flank to flank.

"Flank," of course, means the end of a line, ... side of a succession of lines. What is meant by ... or "right" flank is obvious, so long as one remem... that the left flank is on the left of a man in the ranks.

If the command "By the right, quick march!" is given, all in the ranks should take care to keep the proper interval by occasionally moving their eyes to the right, and correcting it if required. That is ... marching by a flank, and the flank used is te... "directing flank," or "inner flank," while the o... one is the "outer flank."

A front rank man and the rear rank man behin... him are called a "file," while a front rank man without a rear rank man is a "blank file." This occurs when there is an odd number of men, and the blank file must always be the third file from the left flank.

THE NAMES OF UNITS.

The "battalion" is the administrative unit of infan... and consists generally of eight companies.

The "company" is the tactical uni... It is divided into two half-companies, each of w... divided into two "sections."

A "squad" is the half of a section, and is formed ... manœuvre purposes.

If a number of companies are formed up on parade ... and successive alignment, at a distance from one ano... equal to their own frontage, the formation is termed ... "column."

A company whose sections are paraded succes... behind each other in the same way is called "compa... column."

To "cover off," or to take one's "covering," ... to place oneself directly behind your front rank man.

A body of troops in column or quarter colum... forms into a continuous front and rear rank, is ... "deploy," or "form line."

The non-commissioned officers, drummers; pio... and others who form a third rank, are called the "... numeraries." They are behind the others on pa...

Should any enthusiastic but knowledge-la... ginner, find himself unable to picture these formations from the definitions given, a few moments spent with a box of matches will help to make things much clear...

O. M.

WALDEGRAVE'S WALKING TOUR

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ROBERT OVERTON.

The tour of the "Girl in the Moon" had come to an end, but not altogether unexpected termination at the Theatre Royal, Colchester. Bertram de Bourbon had absconded with all the receipts up to Thursday night.

"I am going to start on a tour of my own," announced Walter Waldegrave, the comedian, to his colleagues, "a walking tour. I'm going to pad the road to Pitsea, where I've had the tip that Bellingham wants a pitch. If I can get a shop with him—and I think it won't be the first time I've played in a barn!"

"When do you go, Wallie?" asked the leading man.

"I'm ready now. My arrangements are all made. My expenses on the road—I calculate the distance at about twenty miles—are provided for on a modest scale. I have sold my overcoat. I raised four shillings on it this morning."

They all turned out to see him off as far as the outskirts of the old town, where the good-byes exchanged, being individual instead of collective, took some time over. Walter strode forward alone up the long road in front of him, the early darkness of the winter evening soon hiding his spare and thinly clad form from the sight of his friends.

Out of training for the long tramp on which he had so pluckily started, he was so far done up on reaching Kelvedon as to abandon the idea of pushing on beyond it that night, so in a ramshackle inn much patronised by carters and drovers he supped, slept, and breakfasted.

He had hoped for a ride in a hay-cart the next day, but in this was disappointed, so had to trudge all day long on shanks's pony, save for a single welcome lift of barely five miles after leaving Witham. He stepped out briskly at first, but before long his tired feet began to lag, and every mile seemed a longer mile than the preceding one.

After Ingatestone he went all to pieces, and on seeing out the twinkle of the lights of Brentwood, dismissed the hope of getting the other side of them till next day. But falling into conversation with a friendly drover in the coffee shop into which he turned for another frugal meal, he learned that at a carrier's cottage on the first village past Warley, to the left of Brentwood, he could get a clean and cheap bed, with the possibility of a free ride in the carrier's cart towards Pitsea in the morning.

With recovered energy and renewed pluck, he made his way along the picturesque old High Street and managed to cross the line for Warley just as six o'clock was striking.

Clearing the great lunatic asylum on his right and the barracks on his left, Walter was soon ahead of the straggling houses beyond the latter, and a stretch of open country lay before him.

As he rounded a sharply defined bend, the aroma of an exquisitely choice cigar assailed his nostrils, the freshness of the air imparting an additional pungency to the rare and delicious perfume.

A gentleman was standing beside a sign-post at the junction of four roads not many yards in advance. Even before he had walked closer to him, he noticed that he was wearing a glossy silk hat, richly furred gloves, and a superbly magnificent overcoat of Russian sables, which reached nearly to his heels.

The smell of that cigar was fairly tingling poor Walter's nose. He couldn't stand it without lighting himself. He had a Woodbine left—one Woodbine for company in his pocket with the four-shilling packet. Out came that last cigarette of the penny packet of five.

Holding his Woodbine quite foppishly between the second and fourth fingers of his left hand, the young actor gracefully lifted his worn felt hat as, with an affectation of grace that did not badly become him, he fired his opening remark.

"Pardon me, sir. Pray pardon me. But could you favour me with a light?"

The gentleman thus suavely addressed took off his gloves, thrust them into one of his side-pockets, and from another produced an elaborately chased silver match-box. Silently, carelessly, but withal courteously, he offered it to Walter without opening it. Walter took it with a bow, withdrew a match, lit his cigarette, and tendered it back—quite aware that its owner had been closely taking stock of him.

He made no movement to retake the box. Slightly disconcerted, Walter said rather loudly: "A thousand thanks, sir. I am extremely obliged to you. Your box, sir."

In a curiously impassive voice the other spoke for the first time.

"If you are going far the matches may be useful to you again. Keep the box."

"Sir?"

"Put the match-box in your pocket."

Walter did as he was told—or invited—to do (mentally appraising the pawnable value of the article) before he renewed his remonstrance, which was again cut so short that he turned it into a stammering expression of thanks.

"Not at all. Don't mention it. I have no further use for it. Why not throw that cigarette away and try one of my cigars?"

The eccentric millionaire, as the wondering comedian had jumped to the conclusion his companion must be, was holding out his well-filled case—a gold one, with a monogram in jewels.

"You'll find the brand a decent one," he observed. "I have no further use for cigars. Keep them. And put the case in your pocket, too. I have no further use for it. Are you going far?"

"My ultimate destination, sir, is Pitsea."

"Ah! long way. On the tramp?"

"I am walking, sir."

"Hard up?"

"Financially speaking, sir, I have no hesitation in admitting that I am in temporarily embarrassed circumstances."

"Take my purse. Be careful how you open it, for I think it's full of gold. I have no further use for it."

"If this be dreaming, let me dream again," muttered Walter, as he took possession of the heavy purse.

"Actor?" suggested the placid voice of the older man.

"I am, sir."

"Thought so. I like your face. Been stranded?"

"At Colchester."

"Devilish long walk from Colchester to Pitsea. By the-by, you might as well have my watch and chain while we're about it. I've taken a fancy to you."

"I must have dropped dead on the road," Walter told himself. "I am now in another and a better world." Aloud he stuttered: "No further use for them?"

"None whatever. You're shivering. You have no overcoat. Poor devil! Take mine."

He slipped the cloak from his shoulders, and with a careless movement threw it literally over the smaller figure of the man before him, enveloping it from head to foot. Then he quickly turned on his heel and walked away.

Freeing his eyes and face from the folds of the cloak, Walter—now positively and absolutely speechless—watched him disappear.

"Back I go into Brentwood," he said to himself. "I'll put up at the best hotel. Nothing under the 'White Hart' for me to-night. But first I'll wire some money to be divided between those poor girls and boys at Colchester."

From the post-office he made his way to a little hostelry near the station. Entering the private bar, he was gratified by the sensation he caused. A coat like his wasn't seen every day. The landlord bowed to it, the barmaid beamed on it. It wasn't a fit, but it was magnificent.

"Ah! good evening, landlord," said its wearer affably, but loftily. "Let me have a Special Scotch, please. What will you have yourself?"

Looking round the bar, as he tossed a sovereign

on to the counter, he added, "Name your drinks, gentlemen."

Walter remained till closing time. He asked a policeman to direct him to the "White Hart." The policeman instead supported him to the police station, where the prisoner informed the inspector that it was not whisky but excitement. Interrogated, he gave a full, true, and particular account of himself.

A strolling player on tramp? Then whence the silver match-box, gold cigar-case, watch and chain, purse, and the coat of sables? Walter's explanation smelt of drink, but was circumstantial and readily given. "I'll swear to it, Mr. Inspector," he ended huskily, "though I can't believe in it myself!"

The telephone tinkled close to the official's ear. He listened long and intently, then turned and said very quietly: "Walter Waldegrave, you will be charged with the wilful murder of Mr. Ferguson Mountnessing, of High Warley Grange."

And so he was, but only to be discharged, "without a stain on his character," on his reappearance in the dock after one remand. Ten minutes after leaving him at the four cross roads, Ferguson Mountnessing, the most notorious company-monger of his generation, had shot himself outside the grounds of his country home—on the eve of his hopeless ruin and published exposure.

To the written confession of his intention to commit suicide he had added a hastily pencilled postscript to clear from suspicion the man to whom he had given what "he had no further use for."

Walter Waldegrave's walking tour was over. He had no need to start on another, for the affair which had ended it had been luridly reported in every paper in the kingdom, and from the offers of an engagement that poured in upon him he accepted the best.

SPECIAL FRIENDS OF OURS.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League.*

PENARTH.
P. SCHULTZ, 57, Glebe Street; E. A. SPRAGG, 14, Salop Street; B. TUTTY, 75, Glebe Street; H. J. VINDEN, 5, Victoria Square.

PENGAM.
M. PUGH, Preswylfa House.

PENISTONE.
A. WEBSTER, 5, Railway Terrace.

PENKRIDGE.
H. SMITH, Eaton House, Garley.

PENMAENMAWR.
W. S. MOODY, 1, Tan-y-valt; B. WILLIAMS, Canton House.

PENRHIWCEIBER.
C. BUCK, 84, Pentwyn Avenue.

PENTRE.
A. W. ADAMS, 75, Llewellyn Street; E. T. EVANS, Dovery Cottage.

PENYDARRAN.
D. JONES, 43, Williams Place.

PENYGRAIG.
J. EVANS, 1, Bank Street; M. FESSEY, 16, Station Terrace.

PENZANCE.
W. DANIEL, 14, Tolver Place; J. L. WILLIAMS, 267, Clarence Street.

PERCY MAIN.
G. DIBRY, 26, Norham Terrace; G. HOPKINS, 26, Norham Terrace; T. W. HOPKINS, 26, Norham Terrace; S. JOHNSTON, 58, Hedley Street.

PERTH.
J. BLAIR, 3, Hawarden Terrace, Jeanfield; J. CAMPBELL, 1, King Edward Street; P. S. FETTES, 15, Scott Street; T. H. MAGUIRE, 9, Alexandra Place, Alexandra Street; A. O. MARSHALL, Trinity College, Glenalmond; G. A. OGG, 8, Castle Terrace, Needless Road; R. SCOTT, 44, High Street.

PETERBOROUGH.
C. H. BRATLEY, 66, Alma Road; F. G. ELMERS, 323, Cromwell Road; R. H. GOLLINGS, 14, Henry Street; P. HANKINS, 56, Padholme Road; B. C. HOPPER, 141, Cromwell Road; J. G. LE HARVE, 179, Cromwell Road; H. NEAVERSON, 18, Long Causeway; F. RABY, 24, Long Causeway; G. G. SCOTT, Witham Villa, Walton Bridge; A. TEMPLEMAN, 10, Park Road; A. J. WALLER, Dogsthorpe, Gatehouse.

PETERHEAD.
G. A. ANNAND, Ugiebank, Inverugie.

PINXTON.
G. E. WEBB, Victoria Road.

PLUCKLEY.
W. H. RAINES, Post Office.

PLYMOUTH.
S. J. BIDGOOD, 4, Flora Cottages; S. A. COASE, 5, Nelson Terrace, Laira; G. DOWNER, 6, Wesley Avenue, Peverell; L. FERRIS, 73, Rosebery Avenue; A. FOURTE, 64, Notte Street; S. T. GIMBLETT, 34, Cecil Street; J. S. GREENING, 14, Julian Street; W. S. HAMBLYN, 13, Barn Park Road, Peverell; L. C. LOSE, 4, St. James's Terrace, The Hoe; A. MORTON, 93, Clare Buildings, Coxside; W. A. NILES, 27, Park Street; W. L. PASCOE, 2, Rosebery Avenue; P. A. POWER, 107, "S" Coy., R.G.A., Fort Efford; A. D. SMITH, 1, Lincoln Avenue, Lipson; A. THORNING, 2, Tavy Place; R. WARD, 126, Union Street.

PLYMPTON.
W. S. R. CHUBB; R. HICKS, Ridgeway.

(To be continued.)

PARTNERS IN PLEASURE.

SIDELIGHTS ON HOLIDAY COMPANIONSHIP.

It is an extraordinary thing that men can, as a rule, work together much more smoothly than they can play together. It seems hardly to matter what manner of man one has as office colleague, the chances are that he will be found quite a good chap wheresoever you see his work and his work touch and you have to co-operate.

The thought was forced upon me sideways, as it were, on dreaming and thinking over the holiday that has just ended.

It had been a jolly holiday from beginning to end, but it had brought out this extraordinary difference between the man as business colleague and the same man as holiday chum.

We had taken our bicycles one Saturday evening and had set out to ride and roam, without any fixed programme. At least this was our ideal as I regarded it after many a chat over the plan.

CROSS PURPOSES.

We did ride and we did roam, but there was not that sense of complete freedom from ties that I had hoped for.

We both had maps, and both of us made frequent use of them, but it was a revelation to me to find that these charming and fascinating things could serve two distinct purposes, as opposite to each other as they could possibly be.

For, whereas I had taken my maps in order to get to No-man's-land and to lose myself—in short, for the purpose of seeing what to avoid in the way of towns and well-worn routes—my companion, on the other hand, had taken his maps rather to find his way and to keep in touch with points and places he knew that were probably as stale to him as his office.

And yet we both liked maps, both liked them, both, in theory at least, liked taking our time in setting out to roam and ride. Was there ever a situation so full of irony and—for anybody but ourselves—of humour, too?

DIFFERENT TASTES.

The clash of ideal and temperament never reached a point when our real friendship was for a moment clouded, and yet each of us, now that it is over, is probably congratulating himself that if the other had had his way the holiday would have been spoilt.

We would, for instance, be pedalling easily along a main road between two well-known towns. Then there would come an unexpected branch road.

At once, to me, an alluring prospect of the unknown would open out. "Let's turn up here," I would say, "and go on into some unknown district."

"Better keep on the main road, hadn't we?" my friend would reply. "We may get landed in some outlandish hole where there's nothing to see, and we might have to come all the way back again."

And so we ran past that alluring turning, leaving unexplored worlds to sleep undisturbed by even so much as the soft purr of our wheels in the dust.

Meals, and refreshments generally, were, too, points on which we seemed to differ as radically as on the uses of a map.

SATISFYING THE INNER MAN.

When I was thirsty and wanted half an hour's rest my friend thought it unwise to stop and drink anything in the middle of a run.

Similarly when, to him, life seemed to hold nothing so attractive as a square meal, a bottle of ale, and a saunter on foot round the town we happened to have hit upon, I was all for a light meal, an hour's rest, a smoke, and then for a fifteen-mile run over the downs by moonlight.

Of course, each of us got a certain amount of the kind of thing we desired, but we did not always get it just when we felt in the mood for it.

And that, after all, is the most pleasant part.

Once again. Sleeping arrangements generally found us in opposite camps. When he was keen on a run to such-and-such a place where he knew of a good hotel, I was for going on and chancing our luck at the village where we happened to feel too slack and tired to go any further.

All these little differences of temperament were supportable for a fortnight, when, after all, nothing really mattered, but they would have spoiled any extended tour.

A. H. GUEST

TALES OF THE PIGSKIN

HORSES "STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH."

I suppose no greater proportion of anecdotal limelight—I may coin a phrase—falls on any walk of life than professional race-riding; but alas! in the great majority of cases, the yarns are characterised by more fertility of invention than truth. The following stories, however, I can vouch for, as they were given to me, at first hand by the jockeys concerned, or else, at second hand, by their intimate friends.

We have all heard the story of the extremely small boy of some twenty or thirty years ago who, on meeting a lady in Hyde Park, cried bitterly and said he had "Wanted nursie," and then, on the benevolent lady's offering to assume the duties of an amateur nurse, disillusioned her by laughing outright and informing her that his age was "thirty come Michaelmas." This, needless to say, has no foundation in fact; but the two stories about Joe Plant which are true.

LITTLE BOYS.

Joe Plant will be known by most of our readers as one of the smallest jockeys riding; and his unfortunate accident, being thrown and badly hurt by Mr. Nelke's horse some time ago, will also be remembered. He is, however, fit and strong again, fortunately.

Well, Joe Plant was at a big provincial town, where he was to ride at a meeting on the morrow, and as he had run short of cigarettes, went into a shop to buy some. His head hardly reached above the counter, and he raised himself up with two tiny hands, and, in his well-known treble accents, piped out his request.

"I can't serve you," said the shopman, sternly. "You are under sixteen, little boy."

"Under sixteen!" echoed the little man, indignantly. "I'm Joe Plant, the jockey!"

"Go on! Don't *you* come it, too!" laughed the shopman good humouredly. "You aren't the first that has tried 'Plant' on me!"

And it was not until Joe had produced a certificate in manner and documentary evidence that the shopman would serve him.

NEXT CHALLENGER—PERHAPS!

Joe Plant is very proud of his exiguous stature, and tells the following story with gusto. He was going up in the lift of a big provincial hotel when a big man who was also ascending bent down and remarked inquisitively:

"Tell me, now, you're a jockey, aren't you?"

Something in the man's tone rather irritated Joe; but he answered with his characteristic good humour and a merry twinkle:

"What? Me a jockey? Good Lord, no! Why, I'm champion *heavy-weight wrestler!*"

Joe, by the way, is not the smallest jockey riding, but he is very near it. The proud holder of the record for littleness is F. Davis, who has just passed his twenty-first birthday, but who can still ride at the phenomenal light weight of under five stone!

Morny Cannon has been out of the saddle—more's pity—for a long time; and not long ago a friend said to him, "Morny, a big gun—I mean Cannon—like you Morny to return to riding again!"

Morny smiled smilingly at the pun, and replied "Yes, my boy, but I'm a gun that's much too big."

MOTORING.

Danny Maher, as most of us know, is a very keen motorist, and this is how he scored rather well off some of the usual goggle-eyed, inquisitive type recently. His car broke down not far from Guildford, and Danny had some warm work underneath before it was in going order again. All the time a dozen or so bucolics gathered round and irritated the pair with idiotic remarks. They looked for when he got into the car again, as though he had done something for the help (?) they had rendered. And they got it!

"Will you men drink?" inquired the well-known rider; there was an instant shout of "Yes!"

"Well, then," said Danny, motioning to his driver to proceed, "you'd work much better if you didn't!"

But the dismay on the wretched men's faces was so poignant that the good-natured little Yank had to throw them back some loose silver after all.

Most racegoers know that Walter Griggs's most noticeable feature is a very protruding nose. Not long ago a select gathering were talking aviation in the weighing room at Leicester, and Griggs expressed interest in the sport.

PUNTERS AND PUNSTERS.

"Well, Walter," said somebody, "why don't you buy an aeroplane and become a bird?"

"Good idea!" chimed in a facetious friend. "Walter's got a good *beak* on him already, hasn't he?"

He had to make a rapid exit.

Here is a true story about G. Pullin, after he had won the Bradgate Park Plate on Gilgandra at Leicester recently. "Wonderful what a lot of races he wins!" remarked a wag, "although he always *is* Pullin!"

A joke something after the same style was cracked not long ago about F. N. Winter, the apprentice, who at the time of writing stands sixth on the list of winning jockeys.

"Good man!" exclaimed an incorrigible punster, as Winter came to weigh in after winning a clever race, "I wish every Winter was as hot as you!"

R. J. BUDD.

ARMY "GYM" INSTRUCTORS.

Appointments to the gymnastic staff of the Army are made by selection from the N.C.O.'s of the Army, by the inspector of gymnasia.

The candidate is put on probation for three months, and is then either confirmed in his appointment or "returned to store," that is, sent back to his regiment.

A quartermaster-sergeant instructor gets 4s. 4d. a day, a company sergeant-major instructor 3s. 4d., unless specially selected for increased pay at the rate of 3s. 10d. a day, while a sergeant instructor has to be content with 3s. a day.

The life is healthy, the work interesting, at least to a man who takes pleasure in seeing a weedy recruit fill out and become a man during his "gym." course, while it is exceptional for a gym. instructor to get into trouble, and after many years of useful service he usually retires on a well-earned pension.

At least three N.C.O.'s in every regiment are appointed as assistants to the regular instructors, and this usually ends in their becoming full-blown instructors themselves.

RUNNING DANGERS.

"To be clever at the turn is half the battle to a runner" is the dictum of a very famous track athlete.

The speaker meant, of course, that skilful tactics at the turn were largely instrumental in winning races; but they also conduce very materially to the runner's increased safety.

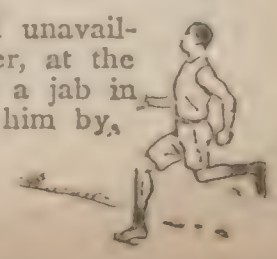
The man who has ever been spiked at the turn will probably never forget the experience. It is the result of taking the corner too closely.

At a high rate of speed, and with a lot of impetus on him, a careless runner will often go so close as to be almost impaled on the post at the turn, which, in the ordinary way, will reach to about the pit of his stomach. This happens especially often to nervous men who are being hustled by a more bustling tactician.

Of two other dangers of running one *may* be unintentional, but the other cannot be.

The first is the painful experience of having your foot trodden on and badly spiked by your next man's shoe-nails, which often happens at a turn.

The second is a foul, which a Yankee tried unavailingly on Lieut. Halswelle, the Scottish half-miler, at the Olympic Games some years ago. It is simply a jab in your man's side with your elbow as you pass him by.



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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

WHEN THE LAST MAN RETURNS.

END OF THE HOLIDAY CONFUSION.

However necessary, however delightful to those enjoying it, the holiday season brings many discomforts, especially in business houses. When the holiday lists are compiled and posted up, there is a sense of coming pleasure which effectually prevents one's thoughts from imagining the other side of the picture.

But there is another side. Every man expects, of course, to be a little harder worked during the absence of his colleagues. He does not mind this in the least. He knows full well that when he himself goes away there will be his work to be done by somebody; and he knows that Brown will do it as readily as he did Brown's when his turn came.

As the holiday season goes merrily on, and some-two, or even more, of the staff go off one week-while perhaps only one of the three already away returns to work, the condition of the office becomes anything but comfortable. Every man left at work puts his hand to anything that needs doing. The clear definition of duties goes by the board, and all just set to work and clear off everything, rather than allow arrears to accumulate.

It is not to be wondered at if, in the midst of this general rush with short staffs, some of the men think to themselves, and sometimes exclaim that "really holidays aren't worth the trouble they cause."

This is, of course, not to be taken seriously. Not one of them would do without his holiday, nor would he, like any other man to go without one. It is merely one of the Englishman's outlets for his grumbling pro-clivities.

But everything there's an end, even to the holiday in the office. And what an end this is!

On Monday morning in autumn the staff discovers there's not a man missing. Every stool is occupied, every room has its authorised occupant. Each man has settled to work.

There is a delightful feeling of the value of order and settling down in the place. There is none of the unsettled-ness consequent of having to turn from one's own work to settle down to odd jobs in an absent colleague's task. All this is over. The holidays are done. Peace reigns in the office, and a long run of steady work till Christmas faces the staff.

R. GILLOTT.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

HOME RAILS.

These have now reached a level which should prove appealing to investors, and although the absolute bottom may not yet have been reached in some cases, I think it must not be far off, and to wait much longer before making a purchase will be to incur a fair risk of being left.

AMERICANS.

The movements in this market have been somewhat erratic, prices moving rapidly in either direction; the rises, however, have not been well held, and, next to leaving the market alone altogether, the safer plan, in my opinion, would be for speculators to sell on any rise and be content with a short profit.

THE DELAYED REBOUND.

Disappointment in Stock Exchange values, which might have been expected to follow on the improved labour outlook, has so far failed to appear. This is due in a great measure to "domestic difficulties; for although there has been no official declaration of default, it is an open secret that substantial assistance has had to be extended to several "lame ducks."

In addition there has been serious trouble in Berlin, Paris, and Glasgow, involving much forced liquidation and leaving a quantity of wreckage still to be cleared away. This will doubtless be done as quickly as possible, and the way will then be clear for improved conditions to assert themselves.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.

These have been sold very freely, and the liquidation has been attributed to influential quarters; whether this be so or not, it seems certain that until the actual truth as to the condition of the crops is known, there is not much hope for a "bull" operation in these shares.

It must be remembered that "grade" is an important factor as well as quantity, as if the grain is very inferior it may fail to find purchasers, and the railway company will consequently lose the income from freights.

MINES.

The reduction in the East Rand dividend has had a very depressing effect on mining shares generally, and, although at the time of writing a slight recovery is in progress, I am afraid it will not extend very far, or prove permanent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. L. (Saltash).—The rate of interest is not high, but the security is of the first class. I should advise you to hold.

W. P. (Margate).—I think you should hold your shares for an improvement in price; so far as I can gather the company has done much better for the past few months, and can continue to pay dividends.

"SHORT" (Bristol).—I do not advise the exchange; the mine is credited with only a short life and the price appears to me absurdly high.

H. S. (Manchester).—In my opinion quite safe.

F. W. (Norwich).—I have been unable to trace the company you name. Can you send me a prospectus or give me their address?

G. B. (Chelsea).—I am sorry you did not take my advice. As you have parted with your money, I cannot help you.

J. D. (Lynn).—Leave them alone. These are not days when anyone will give you something for nothing.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

SHORTHAND IN 12 LESSONS.

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A FRANK OPINION.

"Fishing," said the man with the rod, "is the most restful form of sport that a mental worker can possibly take up."

"Well," said his friend, "I suppose it has some effect upon the mind. Anyhow, I've noticed that it bucks up the imagination."

RESOLVED.

"My dear," said the henpecked husband, "I've just been attending a meeting in connection with the proposed trade union of married men."

"Umph," said his better half, "and what are *they* going to do?"

"Well," said Mr. Henpeck, "it's proposed that if their wives don't treat them nicely they are all going on strike for a week."

"John Willie," she said, harshly, "don't you dare to tell me that you have joined a union like that!"

"On the contrary, my dear," he said, submissively, "I've made up my mind that if a strike takes place I'll start out as a blackleg."

IN THE FIELD.

"Is your son at home?" asked the squire.

"He's drilling, sir," replied the cottager.

"Really, I didn't know that he had joined the Territorials."

"He hasn't, sir. I was referring to the turnips."

HIS SACRIFICE.

"When I became engaged to that girl she wanted me to give up football, and cycling, and running, and swimming, and boxing, and smoking for her sake; and I decided to give up something for my own sake."

"And what was that?"

"The girl."

COUNTRY CAUTION.

A Londoner and a country friend were lunching together, and had left their overcoats hanging up outside the grill room, but the countryman, having heard tales of strange doings in the big city, insisted on sitting at a table from which he could see the overcoats through a glass door.

Every few minutes he would lean forward and fidget from one side to the other.

At last his exasperated friend could stand it no longer.

"For goodness' sake, man," he said, "sit still. Who do you think's going to take your coat. It's as safe there as if it were hanging up at home."

"I don't know so much about that," said the man from the country. "Yours went half an hour ago."

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

T. G. (London, W.).—Several of the taxi-cab companies provide every facility for men to learn the geography of London, and to qualify as drivers. Write to the secretaries of the companies for particulars.

C. A. PRICE, 4, Sunny Side, Old Swan, Liverpool, wishes to correspond with readers in South or Central America.

"BOOTS" (Bolton).—As the formation of your feet is unusual, you should have your boots made to measure. The cost is not much greater.

O. A. S. (Oundle).—A man with properly fitted false teeth is not debarred from joining either the Army or Navy.

H. P. (Birmingham).—At the present time it is correct for a man to wear a buttonhole with evening dress.

H. H. (Bolton).—The secretary of the Bolton Modern Man Club is Mr. J. H. Morris, 67, Higher Bridgeman Street, Bolton.

A. C. (Manchester).—One and a half ounces of tobacco is by no means an excessive amount to consume in a week.

C. W. M. (Wherwell).—For particulars of the British South African Mounted Police write to the British South Africa Company, 2, London Wall Buildings, London.

G. C. L. (Stalybridge).—Any good book on herbs will give you recipes from which you can make up your own powders.

E. B. JUBB, 6, St. Mary's Road, Sheffield, wishes to exchange picture-postcards with other readers.

F. C. (Clacton).—Prices paid by wardrobe dealers are so small that the cost of carriage eats up a large amount of what they pay you. If you must patronise such a firm, save the carriage by using a local one. It pays best, however, to advertise the goods.

R. L. R. (Lancaster).—Applying bitter aloes to your nails will help to cure you of biting them.

N. M. (Nottingham).—A. and O. Parker, Tobacconists, Empire Quadrant, Nottingham, stock THE MODERN MAN tobacco and cigarettes.

S. R. (Trafford Park).—It is not wise to leave communications of any sort lying about. File them away, or if you do not wish to keep them tear them up.

F. T. (Brixton).—If you have finished with your tent for the season, spread it out in the sun for a day or two until the canvas is thoroughly dry, and then roll it up tightly. Take care that you store it in a dry place, and it will be in perfect condition when you need it again next season.

F. L. (Plymouth), **W. B.** Denmark Hill), **W. A. P. K.** (Edgbaston), **T. W.** (Leeds), **J. W. J.** (Pretoria), **E. S.** (Retford), **W. F.** (Chatham), **G. W.** (Athens), **N. W.** (Levenshulme), **H. S.** (Portsmouth), **T. W.** (Harpurhey), **T. B.** (Liscard).—We are much obliged.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this Paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch those of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s. 4½d.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s. 4½d.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	2s. 3d.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	4s. 11d.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s. 6d.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 25s.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d.
Narrow bow-ties	1s. 4½d.
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Silk mufflers	4s. 11d.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, and enclose a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand. Last of all, write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Football Fouls

MODERN VARIATIONS OF THE OLD CROOK TACTICS.

Suppose a footballer of about ten years back—a man who was alive to every foul trick that was used by the unscrupulous players of his day—were to take the field in a certain class of match at the present time, he would find himself up against all kinds of new shady dodges.

One of these is much practised by wingers of small stature and feeble physique. There is a clever—ultra clever—little left-winger playing for a well-known Yorkshire team who uses it often.

Suppose he has got away with the ball, but a sturdy half-back on the other side turns and races alongside him on the touch-line. What is he to do? The half is a bigger and slightly faster man; and he is thus helplessly "barged" on to the line. It is here the trick comes in.

A SLY KICK.

Dropping back for a second, he pretends to touch the ball with his foot, but carefully misses it, and, instead, gives a sharp kick to one of his adversary's legs on the part just above the boot between the ankle and the Achilles tendon.

The effect is to make the victim drop like a shot rabbit, and so cleverly is it done that it looks entirely accidental—as though the forward's foot had gone too far after missing the ball.

During a throw-in is a ticklish time if you are opposing a side that plays "dirty." You are standing, of course, facing the man on the line, and behind you there is probably an opponent as eager as you are to get possession of the ball.

Look out at the moment of the throw that the man behind you doesn't accidentally slip—in such a way as to let his knee come into hard contact with the back of yours. If this does happen you will topple over at once, for you cannot help yourself.

If you and an opponent are jumping simultaneously to head the ball, look out that he doesn't give you a sly push with both hands so as to bowl you over. This is often so cleverly done that it looks as though you had gone down solely with the impetus of a thoroughly legitimate charge.

USING THE ELBOW.

Charges have nowadays been so closely restricted by legislation that a foul in this direction is notoriously easy to detect; but there is one trick which is something similar to a foul charge, although it is not actually one.

It is exactly similar to a foul blow in boxing, known as "elbowing." This, again, is employed by a man who is being forced on to the line by a heavier opponent. What the crook does is to sprint a little, and, just as he is passing his man, to give a quick jab of his elbow (*not* apparent) at the other's ribs.

If this trick is properly done, the victim stops short with a gasp exactly as if he had had a sudden stitch in the side. Even if he complains to the referee, it is very long odds that that official hasn't seen it. He has had a chance to.

Here is a trick that is often practised by a speedy half against a forward who has got away with the ball. It is, of course, illegal to charge the man in the back, and besides, such an action is readily detected. What the half does, then, if he is playing a straight game is to try to get past, turn, and then worry the forward off the leather.

If he cannot get past, and he is not too scrupulous, he simply comes alongside, and, while pretending to try to barge his man off the ball neatly treads on his toe. Here, again, the victim either falls down or else has to jump aside, getting off the ball just long enough to let the half-back nip it away.

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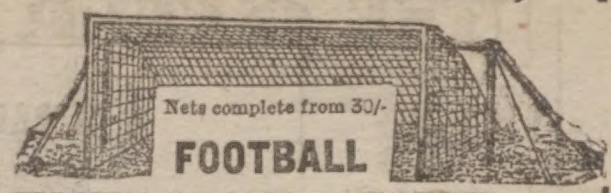

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

RAISED SEAMS.

I mentioned last week that gauntlet cuffs will disappear from fashionable lounge suits this autumn; another thing in the way of ornamentation that will cease to be fashionable will be a raised seam down the trousers.

I do not mean the small seam which is only about an eighth of an inch wide, for that will still be seen on many lounge suits made by fashionable tailors, but we shall see nothing of the wide seam which is anything up to half an inch across.

The whole trend of masculine fashion at the present moment is towards greater plainness. As to whether this is a step in the right direction, is a matter of opinion.

EVENING DRESS COLLARS.

Now that the dark evenings are at hand, I am receiving a continually increasing number of inquiries regarding evening dress.

The point that seems chiefly in doubt is the correct style of collar to wear.

There are several styles that are perfectly correct. That most favoured at the present time is the wing collar, but a stand-up collar in which one side overlaps the other, such as officers wear with mess dress, is perfectly correct, and there are many men whom it suits better than a wing collar.

If a man has rather a long neck, the wing collar shows too much of it to secure a good effect, for it exposes his neck nearly as far down as his collar stud. The military collar, on the other hand, covers the neck evenly all round.

I need scarcely say, of course, that it is absolutely wrong to wear a double collar with evening dress.

It is also incorrect to wear a black tie with evening dress at any function at which ladies may be present. The right tie for what may be termed full-dress evening wear is a white one, and black ties should be reserved for such informal functions as music-halls, bachelor parties, and so forth.

A black tie is the right thing to wear with a dinner jacket, which is itself an informal garment.

WELLINGTONS FOR CIVILIANS.

A correspondent wants me to use my influence to start a fashion amongst civilians of wearing Wellingtons.

"These boots," he says, "are more comfortable than ordinary boots, and they make the trousers set better."

Certainly Wellingtons, for some reason or another, keep their shape much better at the instep than do ordinary boots, and for that reason it is possible that their popularity may return.

The other day I saw a chauffeur in a particularly neat uniform. Breeches and gaiters had been dispensed with, and in their place he was wearing trousers, cut tight like cavalry overalls, and strapped under a pair of Wellingtons. The effect was very smart.

AUTUMN CAPS.

There will be no change this autumn in the style of caps worn, and I am glad that it is so, for the present fashion in caps is very becoming.

It has taken us a long time to reach the present stage of fullness which one finds in fashionable caps, but now that we have got to it, I do not think that we are likely to leave it in a hurry.

One still finds men who select caps in which the manufacturer has been too sparing with the material, so that instead of bunching loosely out, the cap fits their head more or less closely.

Caps of that stamp always make a man appear very round-headed, and, besides, they make him look as if he had jumped out of a photograph taken ten or fifteen years ago.

SOCKS FOR BLACK BOOTS.

A reader asks me whether he ought to wear with black boots socks of the same colour as his tie.

This is not necessary. If you are wearing shoes, it is advisable to have the socks to match the tie, because a good deal of the socks show, but with boots it is different.

Still, even here one should not be careless, for when you sit down a little bit of the sock at the top of your boot is liable to appear to view.

The best socks of all for wearing with black boots are black or navy blue, but if you care for something more fanciful you can go in for a pair with a dark grey or bluish pattern on them, or you can have a pair of black socks with coloured clocks running up the sides.

That Old Suit of yours is good for further service.

3/6 will make it look new.

If your suit is wrinkled and shabby from holiday wear or business wear, send it to us with a postal order for 3/6.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking almost like a brand-new suit.
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Suits (to measure) **25/-** to **50/-**
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Carriage Paid, No Extras, and we refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

Send to-day for our Booklet "MN," our splendid range of Free Samples, Fashion Plates, copies of Unsolicited Testimonials, tape measure, and the McKinley scientific self measurement chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY (Tailoring Dept.), **7, Gresham St., London, E.C.**

The thing you must not have with black boots is a pair of ginger-coloured socks. These are very good to wear with brown boots, but they are in the very worst of bad taste with black ones.

GLOVES OUT OF PLACE.

I am asked by a correspondent to say definitely when gloves may be worn and when they may not.

There are so many circumstances when a man's taste must decide the matter that it is impossible to answer definitely.

You wear gloves to keep your hands hot, or when you are, so to speak, in full dress, or when riding or driving, but you do not wear them in the country unless the weather is cold.

The other day I saw a man wearing gloves while bathing. There was something extraordinarily incongruous about it, and the rest of his get-up suggested that he knew nothing about the art of good dressing, but that he was striving his utmost to do what he believed to be the correct thing.

LEGGING SEAMS.

The seam at the back of leggings has, of course, disappeared altogether, and the present method of block-ing the leather into the shape of the calf is infinitely better. There still remain, however, the seams by which the lining is attached to the outer part round the edges.

The sewing here is nearly always machine done, and is, therefore, liable to come unstuck.

If the damage is extensive, the matter should be dealt with by a saddler or a bootmaker, but if the extent of the blemish is only a loop of thread sticking up, the best way to remove it effectively is to burn it.

The ends of the thread will then smoulder till they come level with the surface of the leather. If you cut the thread you would leave some frayed edges.

KEEPING CLOTHES SMART.

It is not necessary to possess a large outfit in order to keep your clothes in good condition. If I am required to prove this statement, I may cite the case of the soldier who turns himself out perfectly, but whose outfit is of the most limited character.

A good stiff clothes brush is the chief essential. If it is applied regularly to a suit it will make that suit look clean and smart.

A trousers press is, of course, of tremendous utility, but a fair result can be obtained by pressing the trousers beneath the mattress.

Men who do their own boot-cleaning—and in these days of careless servants there are many such—will require a fairly comprehensive collection of polishes, and especially of clean rags.

But, after all, it is not the size of the outfit that counts, but the regularity with which it is applied.

SOMBRENESS.

Unless one is actually in mourning or in half-mourning, there is no reason why one's clothes should be too sombre.

A dark grey suit is very becoming to any man, no matter what may be the colour of his hair or of his complexion, but if he wears a dark grey suit with a black or dark tie, his whole appearance will have a sombre, gloomy cast.

If, on the other hand, he wears a brighter tie, say, one of a fairly bright blue, it will lighten up the whole of the suit, and make a very effective colour scheme.

NEATNESS IN BOOT-LACING.

If you study your fellow-men, say, in a railway train, you will be impressed how careless many of them are with regard to their clothes.

One thing which I have observed is a tendency in some cases to lace boots within a couple of inches of the top and no further. People who wear boots like that ought to give them up and stick to shoes, for if boots are worn at all, they ought to be laced properly.

While speaking of boot lacing, I might mention my opinion that the bows and ends of the laces should not be left hanging loose, but should be tucked neatly under that part of the lace which encircles the ankle.

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After it has gone through our wonderful Tailor-pressing, Cleaning and Repairing process. Have you a Suit that is out of shape or turned shiny in places?

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Send your shabby suit along with P.O. 3s. 9d., we will return it within three days, carriage paid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the result **your money will be returned in full.**

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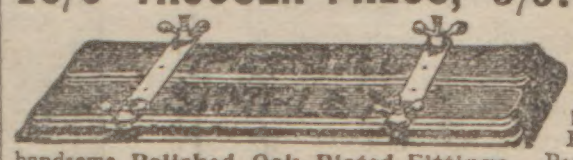

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Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome **Polished Oak. Plated Fittings.** Powerful steel crossbars. **Full length.** Take 4 pairs. **GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. 7 days' approval.** Money returned if not satisfied. *Further Particulars Free.*

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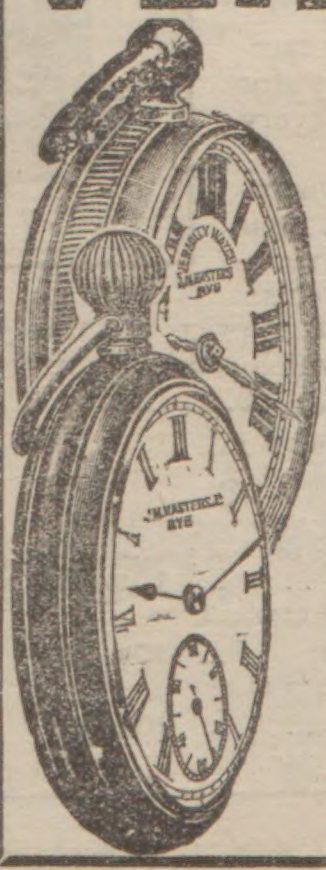

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For Seven Days' Trial.

To secure a pair of Sandow's Famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for seven days' free home trial, and full particulars of the most wonderful competition ever announced, which is open to every MODERN MAN reader to enter without entrance fee, and in which every boy, youth, man, girl, and woman who completes will receive a Prize, as announced above, it is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed.

With every pair of Dumb-Bells is also sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These Charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells.

If, after using these Dumb-Bells for Seven Days free, you decide to keep them, send us a deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of One Penny per Day.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells are now acknowledged to be the most perfect physical Appliance ever invented, and hundreds of thousands of pairs are in daily use in every country on the face of the earth. They are equally suitable for the delicate and strong; their resistance can be adjusted to the strength of the weakest, and increased as occasion arises. They are a complete Physical Culture Outfit for use in the home by any person at any age.

Simple Conditions of Remarkable Competition Now Available.

The user of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells quickly becomes as "fit as a fiddle" and as "strong as a lion," graceful in proportions, and dignified in carriage. You can put three inches on your chest measurement, and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the Grip Dumb-Bells a few minutes a day for three months.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells; there is no entrance fee to the competition in which everyone is able to secure a prize.

Don't delay; fill in the form below and forward at once.

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, W.C.

Date.....1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair* of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

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